



52 PAGES ALL NEW ADVENTURE COMICS!

MAY No. 11 10¢

JACK ARMSTRONG

THE ALL-AMERICAN BOY OF RADIO FAME

THRILL 1

JACK ARMSTRONG FACES SUDDEN DEATH
IN THE MYSTERIOUS "LOST CITY"!



THRILL 3

JACK ARMSTRONG BATTLES OVER-
WHELMING ODDS IN HIS "BIG RACE"!



THRILL 2

VIC HARDY SOLVES THE BAFFLING
CASE OF THE "X-RAY EYE"!



THRILL 4

THE THRILLING FIGHT FOR SUR-
VIVAL IN "ALASKAN RESCUE"!





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM



52 PAGES ALL NEW ADVENTURE COMICS!

MAY No. 11 10¢

AND

JACK ARMSTRONG

THE ALL-AMERICAN BOY OF RADIO FAME

THRILL 1

JACK ARMSTRONG FACES SUDDEN DEATH IN THE MYSTERIOUS "LOST CITY"!



THRILL 2

VIC HARDY SOLVES THE BAFFLING CASE OF THE "X-RAY EYE"



THRILL 3

JACK ARMSTRONG BATTLES OVERWHELMING ODDS IN HIS "BIG RACE"!



THRILL 4

THE THRILLING FIGHT FOR SURVIVAL IN "ALASKAN RESCUE"!

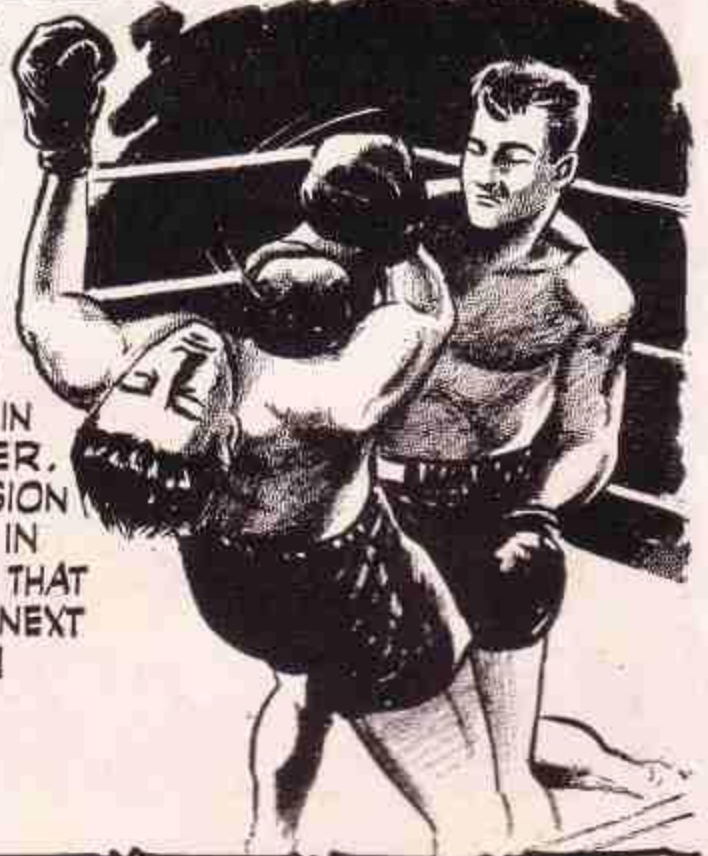


CHAMPIONS of the BOXING WORLD!



WELTERWEIGHT... RAY ROBINSON!

WELTERWEIGHT CHAMPION SINCE 1946, "SUGAR RAY" ROBINSON IS WITHOUT PEER IN BOXING SKILL AND PUNCHING POWER AMONG THE SMALLER RINGMEN. AS A MATTER OF FACT, RAY GETS MORE COMPETITION BATTLING THE MIDDLEWEIGHTS! ROBINSON HAS BEEN BEATEN ONLY ONCE IN HIS ENTIRE PRO CAREER. HE DROPPED A DECISION TO JAKE LAMOTTA IN 1943, CORRECTED THAT "ERROR" IN HIS NEXT MEETING WITH LAMOTTA!



LIGHT HEAVYWEIGHT... FREDDIE MILLS! FIRST BRITISH BOXER SINCE THE FAMED BOB FITZIMMONS TO HOLD THE LIGHT HEAVYWEIGHT TITLE, FREDDIE MILLS IS A ROUGH, TOUGH, RING-WISE MAULER! THE FIRST TIME HE MET EX-CHAMP GUS LESNEVICH, IN 1947, FREDDIE WAS DOWN FOUR TIMES IN THE SECOND ROUND ALONE. THE NEXT TIME, HE FLOORED GUS TWICE ON HIS WAY TO A 15 ROUND DECISION AND THE LIGHT-HEAVY CROWN!

goldenagecomics.co.uk/rez

HEAVYWEIGHT... JOE LOUIS! GREATEST PRIZEFIGHTER OF OUR GENERATION, JOE IS IN HIS 11TH YEAR AS THE MOST ACTIVE HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMP IN RING HISTORY! JOE TOOK THE TITLE BACK IN JUNE, 1937, ON AN 8TH ROUND KAYO OF "JERSEY JIM" BRADDOCK... HE'S DEFENDED IT SUCCESSFULLY 25 TIMES SINCE THAT DAY! 26TH TIME COMING UP!

MIDDLEWEIGHT... MARCEL CERDAN! CERDAN, THE CASABLANCA CLOUTER WHO HAS HELD THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF FRANCE AND EUROPE, TURNED IN THE BIGGEST FISTIC PERFORMANCE OF THE TWELVE ROUND KAYO OF TONY ZALE FOR MIDDLEWEIGHT HONORS! CERDAN FIRST ROSE TO PROMINENCE IN WARTIME INTER-ALLIED BOUTS IN NORTH AFRICA AND EUROPE. THE VICTORY OVER ZALE WAS HIS 56TH KAYO IN A LONG CLIMB TO THE TOP!

May, 1949, Issue No. Eleven. Published Bimonthly by Parents' Institute, Inc., publishers of Parents' Magazine. Publication office, 4600 Diversey Avenue, Chicago 39, Illinois. Editorial and Executive offices, 52 Vanderbilt Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

GEORGE J. HECHT, President
ELLIOTT A. CAPLIN, Publisher

Associate Art Directors
RALPH O. ELLSWORTH
DOROTHEA T. FILOSA

10c a copy. By subscription, 12 issues \$1.00 in U. S. and Canada; in foreign countries \$1.20. Not responsible for manuscripts or art work submitted. All rights reserved. Copyright 1949 by Parents' Institute, Inc. Printed in U.S.A. Entered as second class matter April 20, 1948, at the post office at Chicago, Illinois, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Entered as second class mail in Toronto, Canada.

A NEW JACK ARMSTRONG ADVENTURE

THE LOST CITY



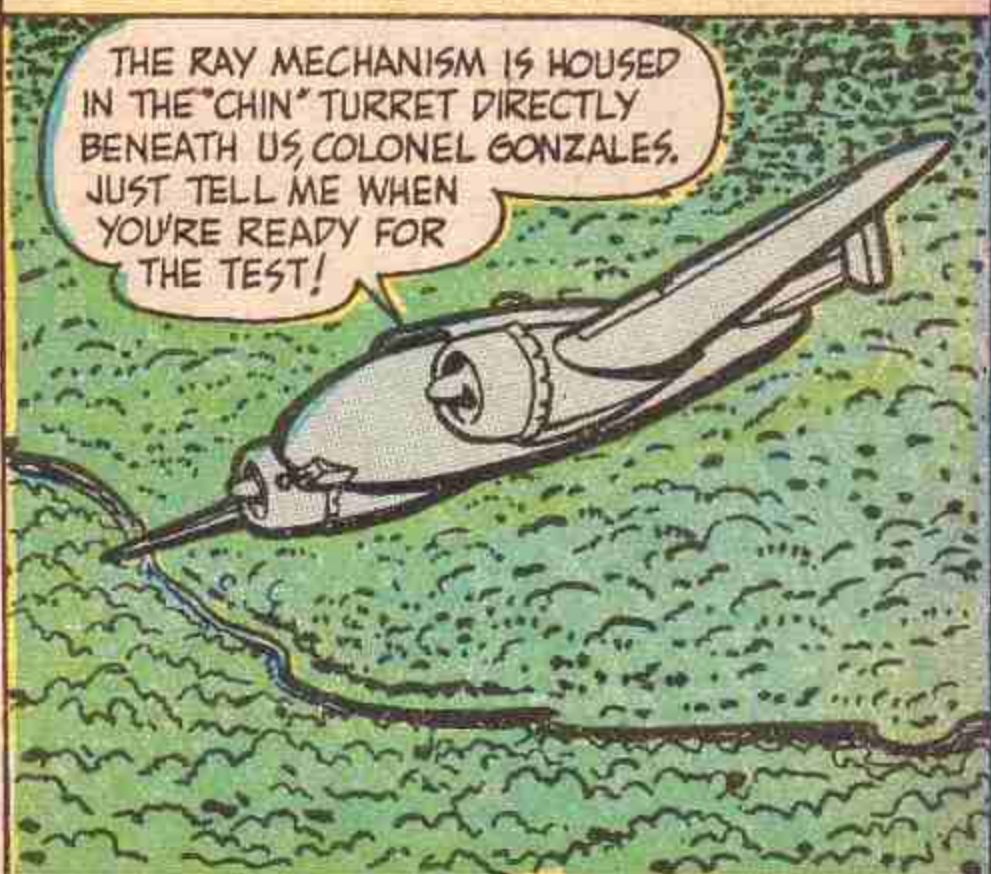
UNCLE JIM'S POWERFUL NEW NUCLEAR RAY-- WHICH INSTANTLY REDUCES ALL VEGETATION TO VAPOR-- IS UNDERGOING FINAL LABORATORY ADJUSTMENT BEFORE BEING TESTED IN THE FIELD THROUGH SECRET ARRANGEMENT WITH A SOUTH AMERICAN GOVERNMENT...



WELL, THAT'S IT BOYS! NOW TO INSTALL THE RAY IN OUR PLANE.

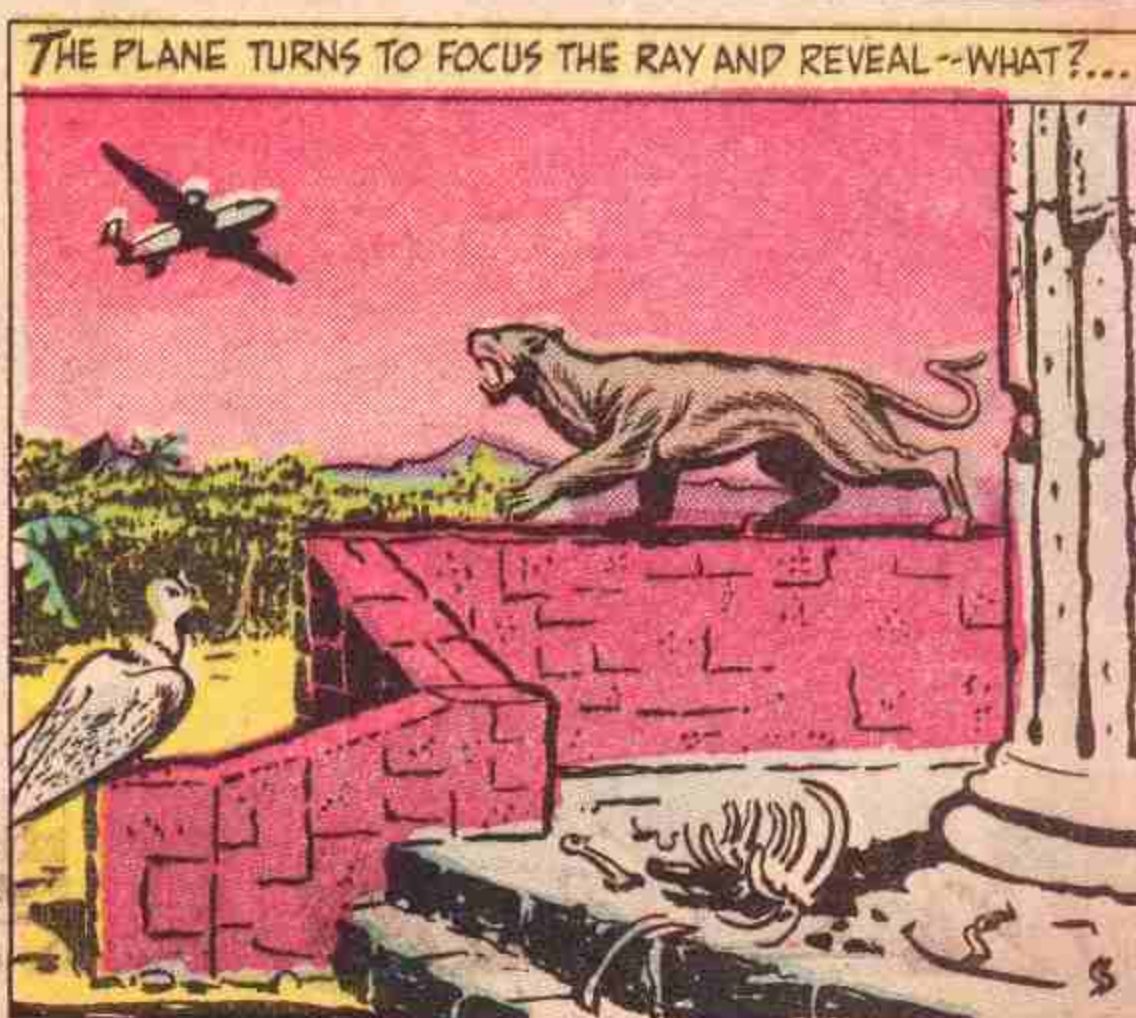
I HOPE IT WORKS AS WELL OVER THE JUNGLE AS IT DID IN THE LAB, UNCLE JIM!

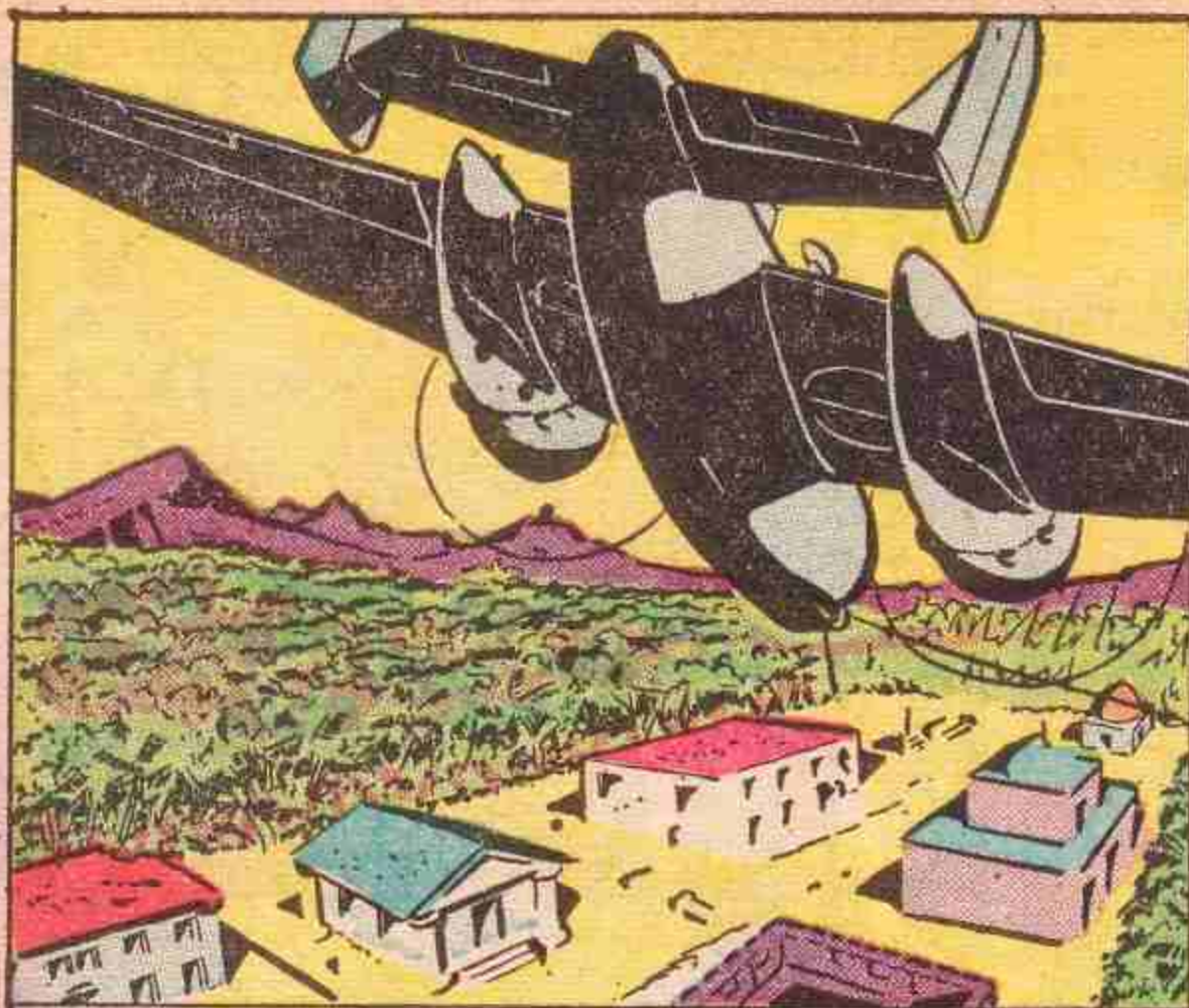
A FEW DAYS LATER, DEEP IN THE SOUTH AMERICAN JUNGLE...



THE RAY MECHANISM IS HOUSED IN THE "CHIN" TURRET DIRECTLY BENEATH US, COLONEL GONZALES. JUST TELL ME WHEN YOU'RE READY FOR THE TEST!



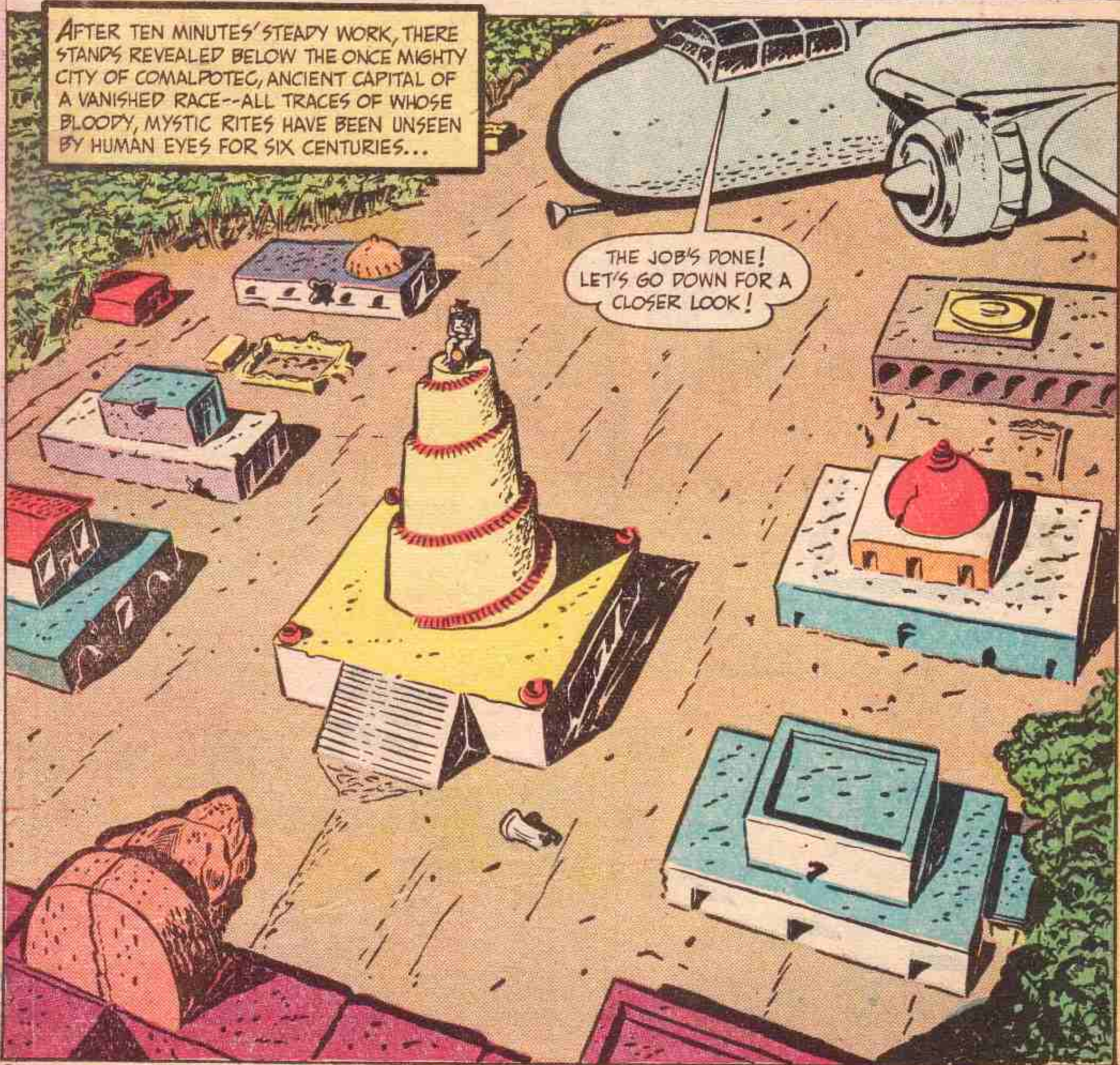




IT IS COMALPOTEC,
ALL RIGHT! I HAVE
READ OF IT IN OLD
HISTORIES!

IN A LITTLE
WHILE WE'LL HAVE
THE ENTIRE
CITY CLEARED.

AFTER TEN MINUTES' STEADY WORK, THERE
STANDS REVEALED BELOW THE ONCE MIGHTY
CITY OF COMALPOTEC, ANCIENT CAPITAL OF
A VANISHED RACE--ALL TRACES OF WHOSE
BLOODY, MYSTIC RITES HAVE BEEN UNSEEN
BY HUMAN EYES FOR SIX CENTURIES...



THE JOB'S DONE!
LET'S GO DOWN FOR A
CLOSER LOOK!

JACK SETS THE PLANE DOWN ON A BROAD AVENUE IN THE HEART OF THE CITY



BETTY AND I WILL STAY WITH THE PLANE WHILE YOU THREE DO SOME EXPLORING. REPORT BACK IN AN HOUR.



SEÑORES, I SUGGEST THAT FIRST WE LOOK INTO THE GREAT SACRIFICIAL TEMPLE WE SAW FROM THE AIR IN THE CENTER OF THE CITY. THERE MAY BE MUCH GOLD THERE.

THAT'S FOR ME!



A FEW MOMENTS LATER, THEY ARRIVE AT THE TOP OF THE SACRIFICIAL TEMPLE...

THIS OVERSIZED MAN-HOLE COVER LOOKS LIKE SOLID GOLD!

IT MUST BE WORTH A KING'S RANSOM. WHAT'S THE OPENING FOR?



AND NO ELEVATOR.

LET'S GO!

THE DEMON-WORSHIPPERS WOULD HOLD BARBARIC CEREMONIES UP HERE AND THEN SACRIFICE VICTIMS BY HURLING THEM DOWN TO THE JAGGED ROCKS FAR BELOW AT THE BOTTOM OF THIS SHAFT...



JACK AND BILLY ARE ABSORBED IN THIS ACCOUNT OF THE DEMON-WORSHIPPERS WHEN SUDDENLY...



MEANWHILE, JACK AND BILLY, SAVED FROM BEING SMASHED ON SHARP ROCKS BY DEEP WATER WHICH HAS ACCUMULATED IN THE MURKY DEPTHS OF THE SACRIFICIAL PIT, FIND THEMSELVES IMPRISONED. THE SMOOTH WALLS OFFER NO GRIP, AND THE YOUNG ATHLETES FACE THE GRIM PROSPECT OF SLOW EXHAUSTION THEN QUICK DEATH BY DROWNING.



AS JACK FRANTICALLY SEEKS A GRIP ON THE WALL, HE PUSHES A STONE BLOCK-- WHICH GIVES!



AND THEN...

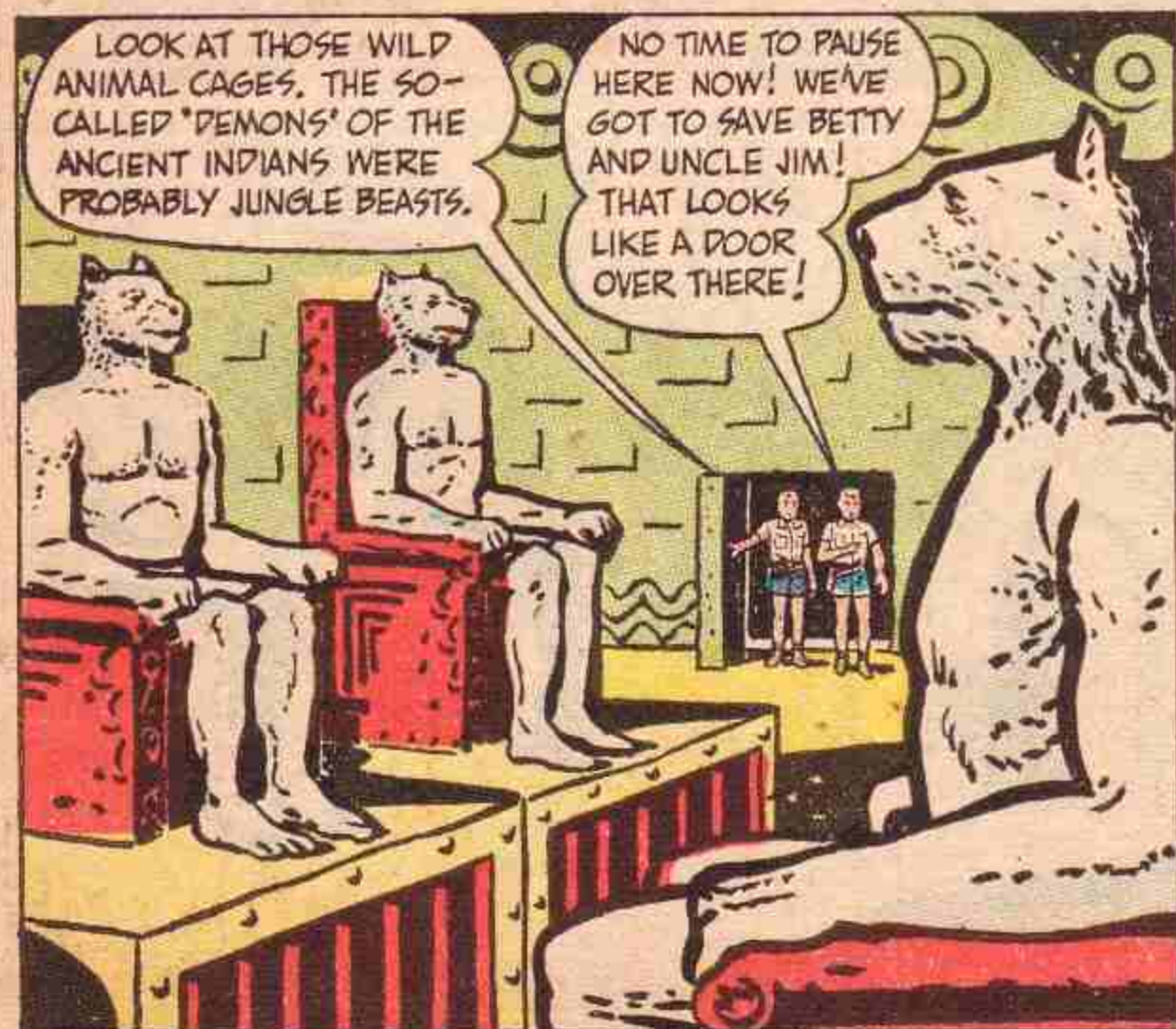


THIS SEEMS TO LEAD TO A MAIN ROOM OF THE TEMPLE. THE PAGAN PRIESTS MUST HAVE USED THIS PASSAGEWAY TO REMOVE BODIES FROM THE PIT.



LOOK AT THOSE WILD ANIMAL CAGES. THE SO-CALLED 'DEMONS' OF THE ANCIENT INDIANS WERE PROBABLY JUNGLE BEASTS.

NO TIME TO PAUSE HERE NOW! WE'VE GOT TO SAVE BETTY AND UNCLE JIM! THAT LOOKS LIKE A DOOR OVER THERE!



AS THEY START TOWARD IT...





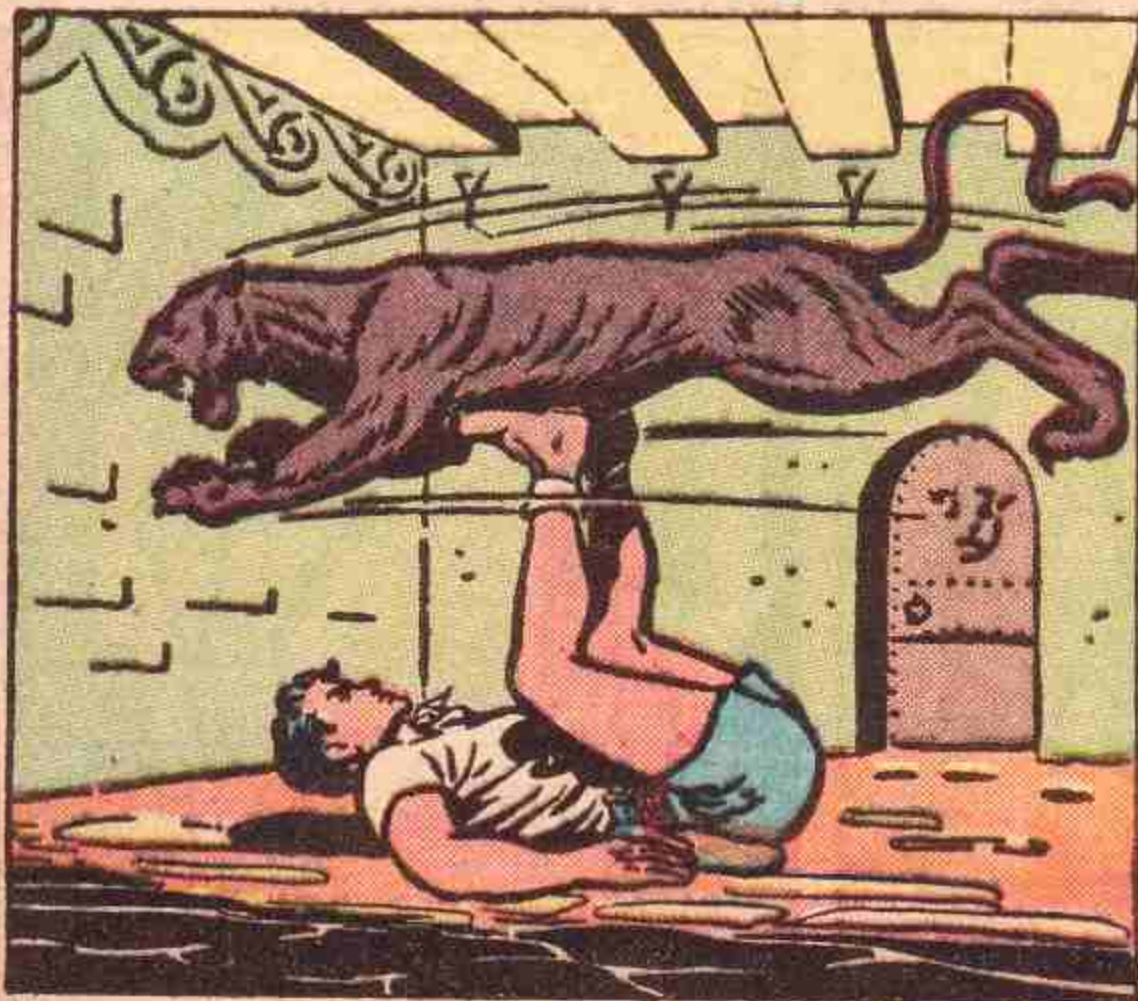
IN THIS MOMENT OF PERIL, THE ALL-AMERICAN BOY CALLS UPON THE SPEED OF HIS FINELY CONDITIONED REFLEXES.



THIS WILL TAKE SOME TEAMWORK. I'LL TRY A LITTLE JUDO.

RIGHT! TOO BAD OUR GUNS GOT WET.

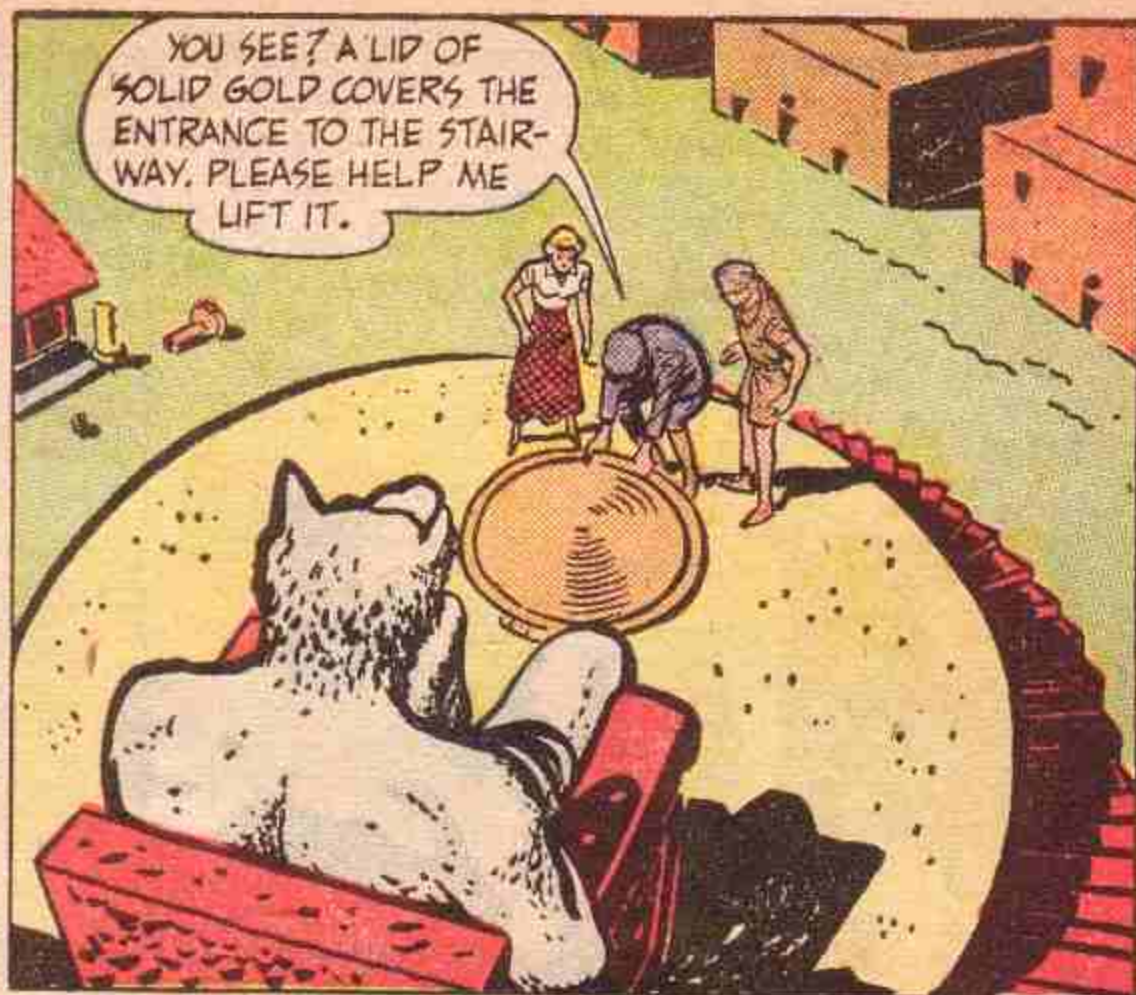
WITH A FURIOUS ROAR, THE BEAST AGAIN LAUNCHES HIS DEADLY, STEEL-MUSCLED BULK AT JACK....

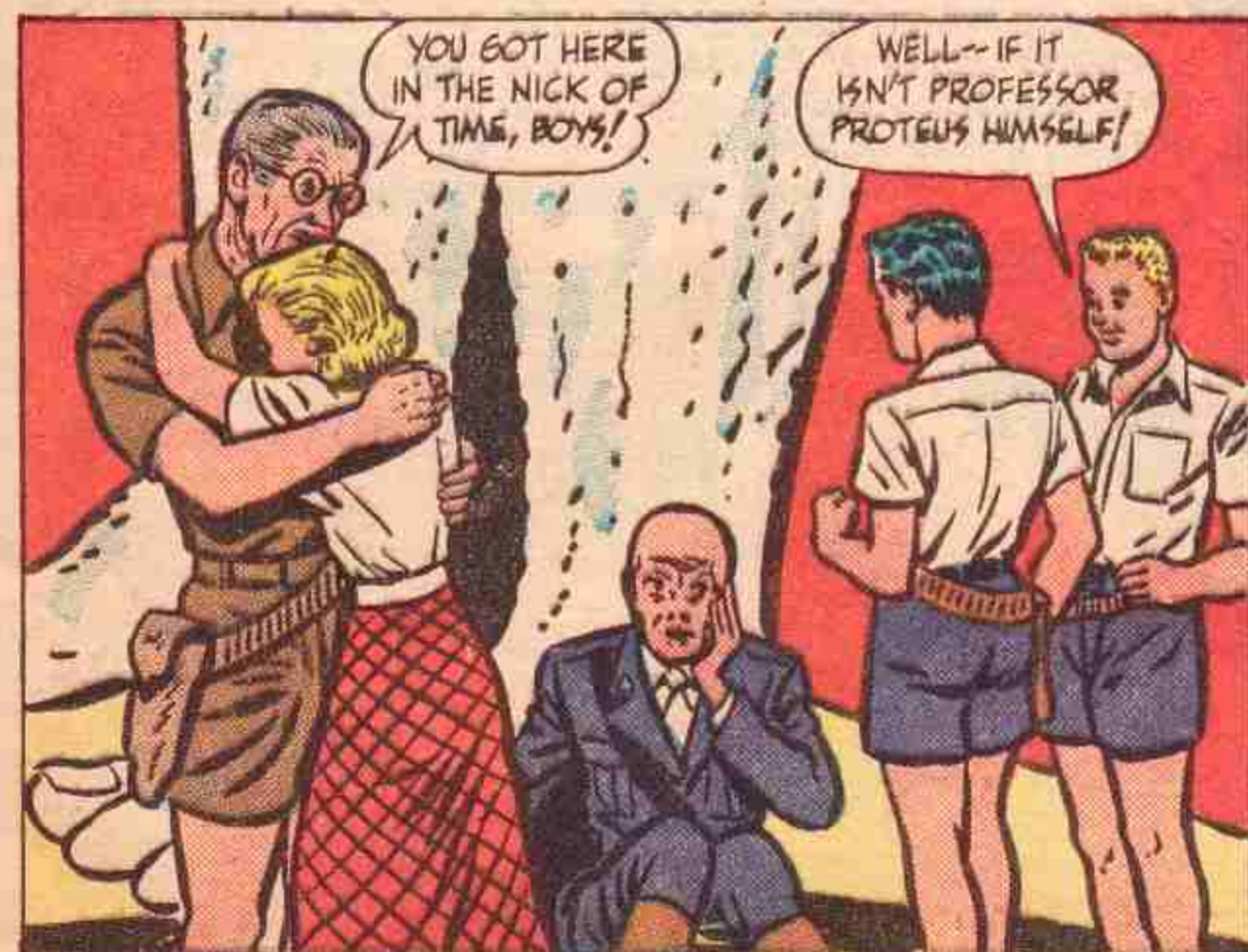


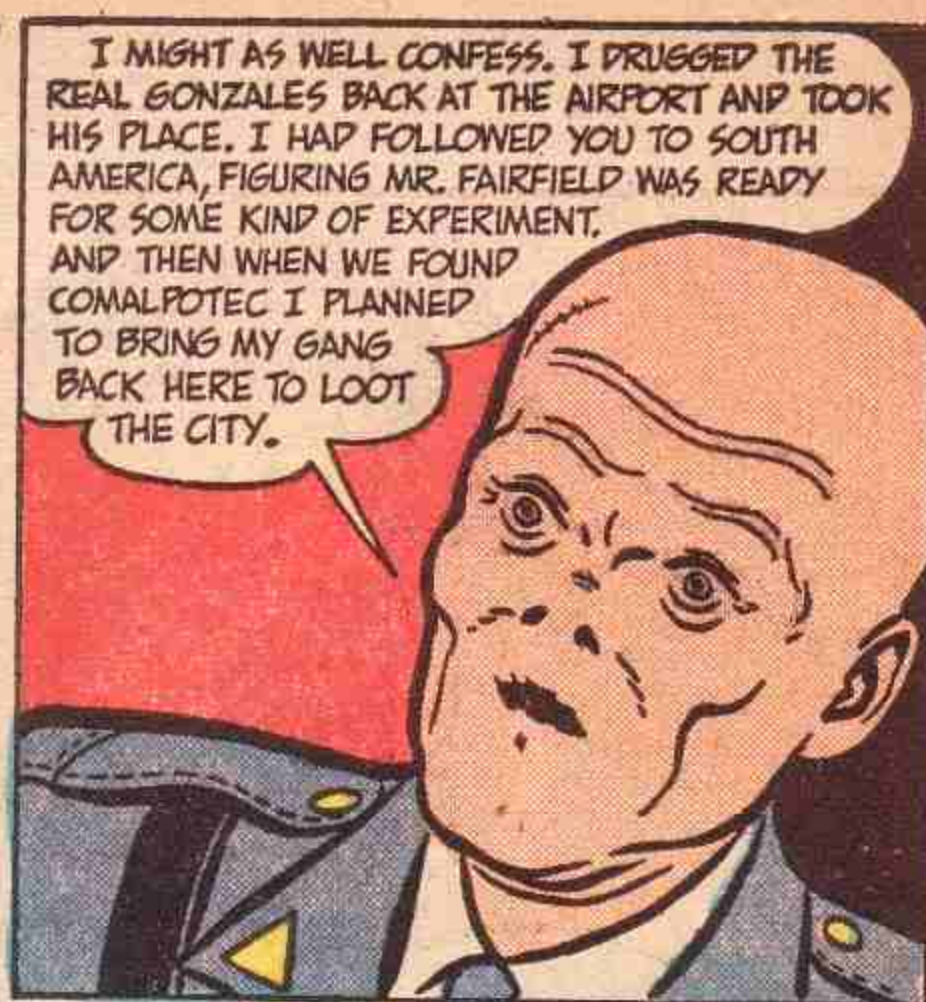
LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!

NOW'S THE TIME, BILLY!









Vic Hardy's CRIMELAB

VIC HARDY SAYS: "THIS PUZZLER CAME TO MY ATTENTION WITH A RESOUNDING CRASH AND LED ME ALONG AN UNEXPLORED TRAIL OF CLUES. CHIEF DALE REFERS TO IT AS 'THE RACKET ON WHEELS' BUT TO ME, IT'S ALWAYS BEEN... THE CASE OF *THE X-RAY EYE*."

HEY, EDDIE,
IT'S A
SMASHUP!

CRASH!

BYSTANDERS RUSH TO THE SCENE OF THE DISASTER...

HE CAME RIGHT AT ME...
I COULDN'T TURN
AWAY!

LOOK AT THAT
LANCASTER! THE
FRONT'S FOLDED
LIKE AN
ACCORDION!

STAND BACK, FOLKS!
DON'T TRY TO MOVE,
MISTER... HERE COMES
THE AMBULANCE NOW!

THE AMBULANCE CARRIES OFF THE CRACKUP VICTIM...

I'LL SUE YOU FOR EVERY CENT YOU'VE GOT... OR EVER WILL HAVE! START NOTIFYING YOUR INSURANCE COMPANY.



IN THE OFFICE OF THE HIGHWAY INSURANCE COMPANY...

THIS SEEMS TO BE OPEN SEASON FOR COLLISIONS... TEN CLAIMS SO FAR THIS MONTH. I DON'T UNDERSTAND IT!

MISS ROGERS, WILL YOU GET ME VIC HARDY OF THE SCIENTIFIC BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION?



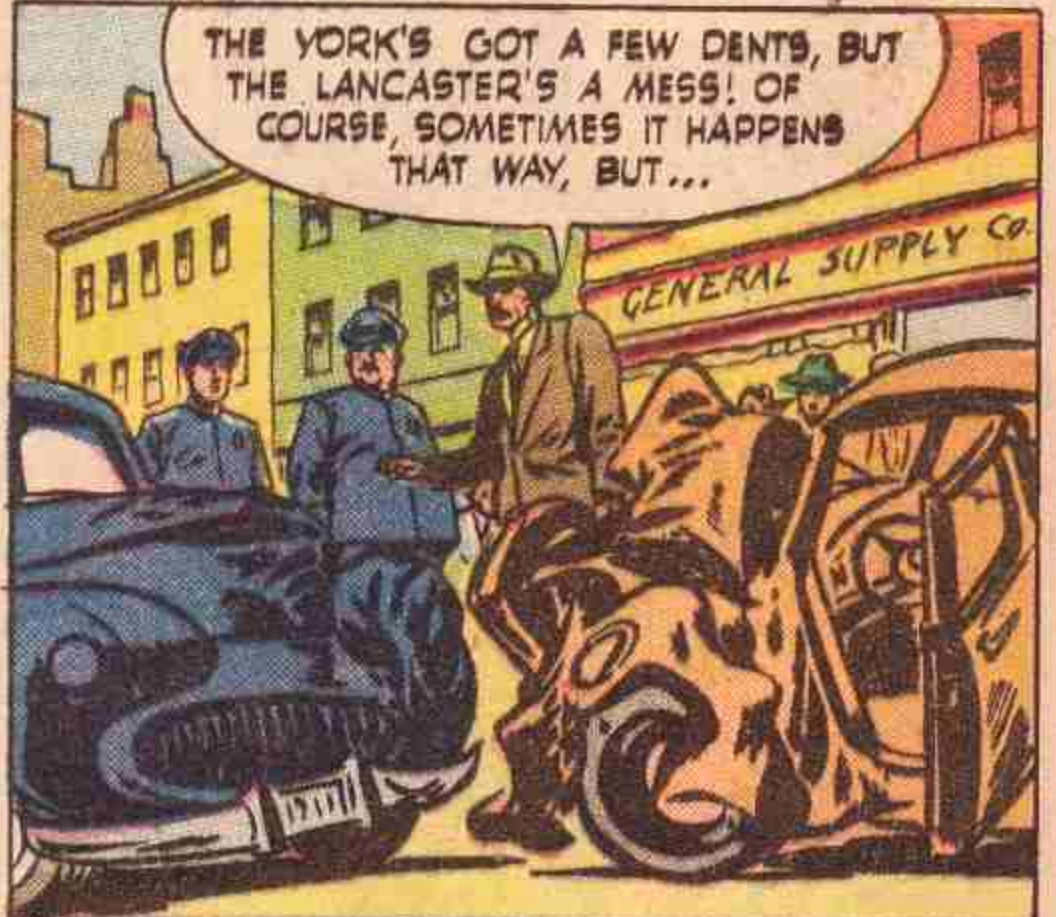
THE SCIENCE SLEUTH GOES TO WORK.

HERE'S THE SCENE OF THE SMASHUP, VIC, AND THERE, AS YOU SEE, ARE THE "BODIES."

HMMM... SEE ANYTHING CURIOUS, CHIEF DALE?



THE YORK'S GOT A FEW DENTS, BUT THE LANCASTER'S A MESS! OF COURSE, SOMETIMES IT HAPPENS THAT WAY, BUT...



SEEN ENOUGH, VIC?

I THINK SO. I'LL JUST TAKE SOME OF THESE FENDER SCRAPS AS SOUVENIRS. COLD STEEL MAY GIVE US COLD FACTS.

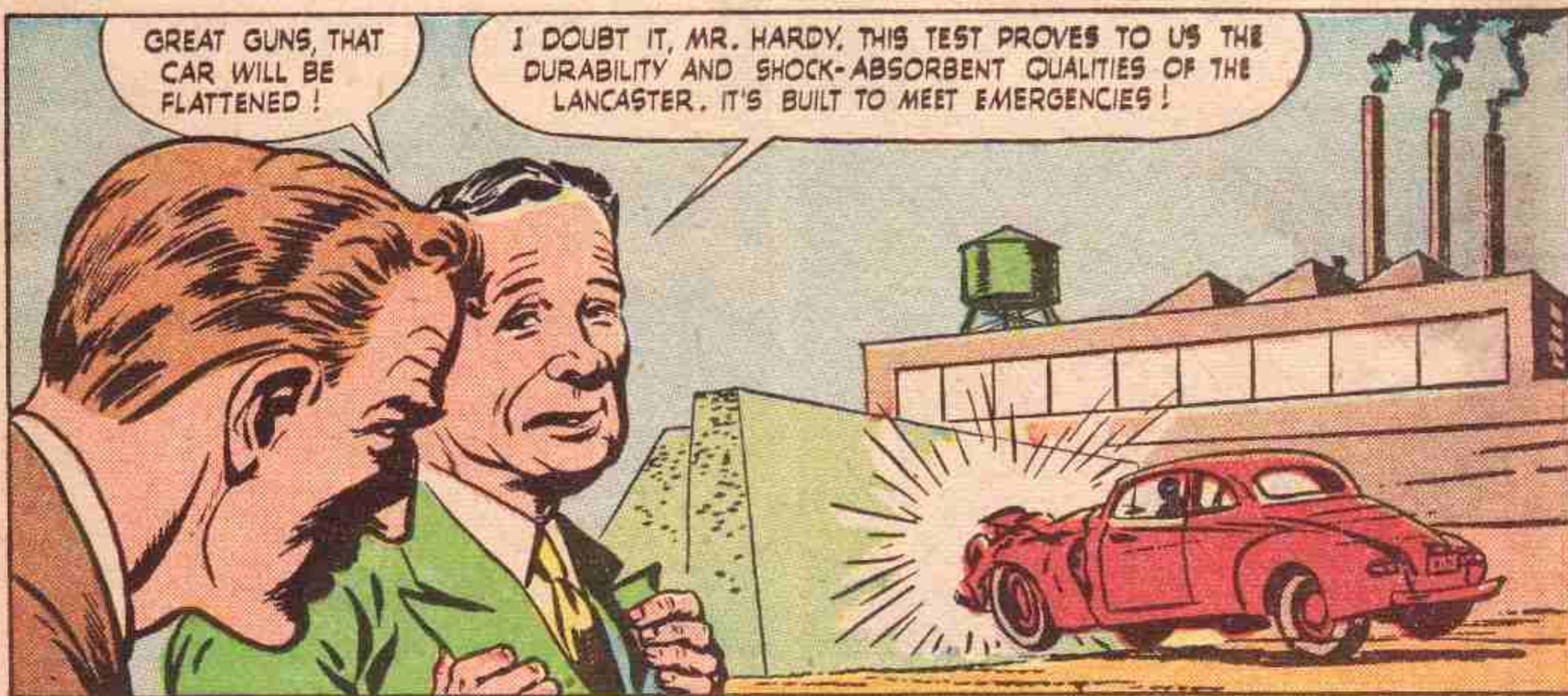


VIC'S STILL AFTER COLD FACTS AN HOUR LATER...

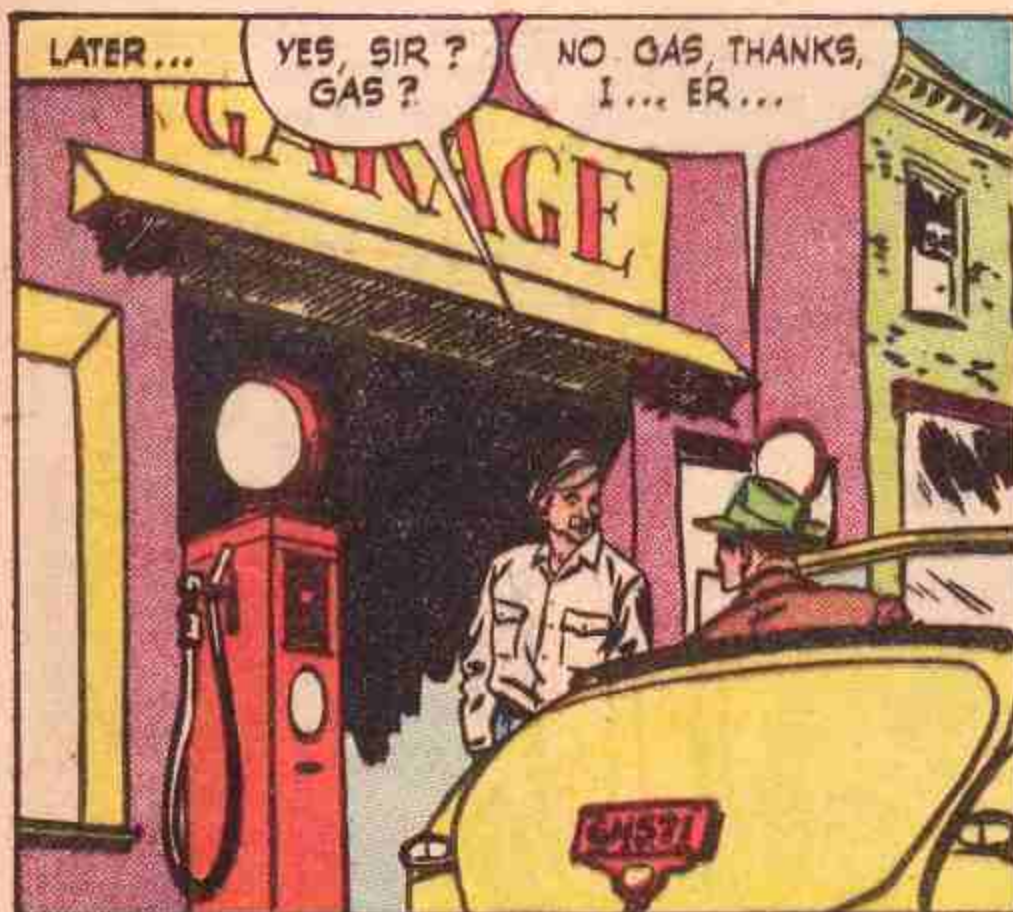
MR. PURVIS? I'M VIC HARDY OF THE S.B.I.

WHAT CAN WE DO FOR YOU, SIR?













BOB LEMON

STAR PITCHER
OF WORLD
CHAMPION
CLEVELAND
INDIANS



PICKED BY
SPORTING NEWS AS
TOP PITCHER IN AMERICAN
LEAGUE LAST SEASON, LEMON
WAS A TWENTY GAME WINNER.
ADDED TWO MORE VICTORIES IN
WORLD SERIES.



SWITCHED FROM
OUTFIELD TO PITCHING,
LEMON TOOK BATTING
EYE WITH HIM.
BELTED FIVE HOME
RUNS LAST SEASON!



LEMON'S AMAZING
RECORD INCLUDED TEN SHUTOUTS.
REACHED PEAK WHEN HE TAMED
DETROIT TIGERS WITH BRILLIANT
NO-HIT, NO-RUN PERFORMANCE.



LEMON WAS HARDEST-WORKING
PITCHER IN AMERICAN LEAGUE.
PITCHED 294 INNINGS - SPARKED
CLEVELAND'S PENNANT DRIVE.
"I CALL ON WHEATIES OFTEN,"
SAYS BOB. "THOSE WHOLE WHEAT
FLAKES TASTE SWELL, AND
GIVE YOU REAL NOURISHMENT."



WHEATIES
BREAKFAST
OF
CHAMPIONS
WITH MILK
AND FRUIT



Billy Breaks the ICE

BILLY AND HIS PAL, HORACE, HAVE TAKEN THE SKI-TRAIN TO THE BIG WINTER CARNIVAL AT DARTFOOT COLLEGE ...

THERE'S NO BUSINESS LIKE SNOW BUSINESS!

REET! ME FOR THE WIDE OPEN SPACES!

HOW CAN HE EVEN THINK ABOUT WIDE OPEN SPACES AT A TIME LIKE THIS!



ALL OUT FOR DARTFOOT!

PUT AWAY THAT PHYSICS BOOK, HORACE—WE'RE HERE!

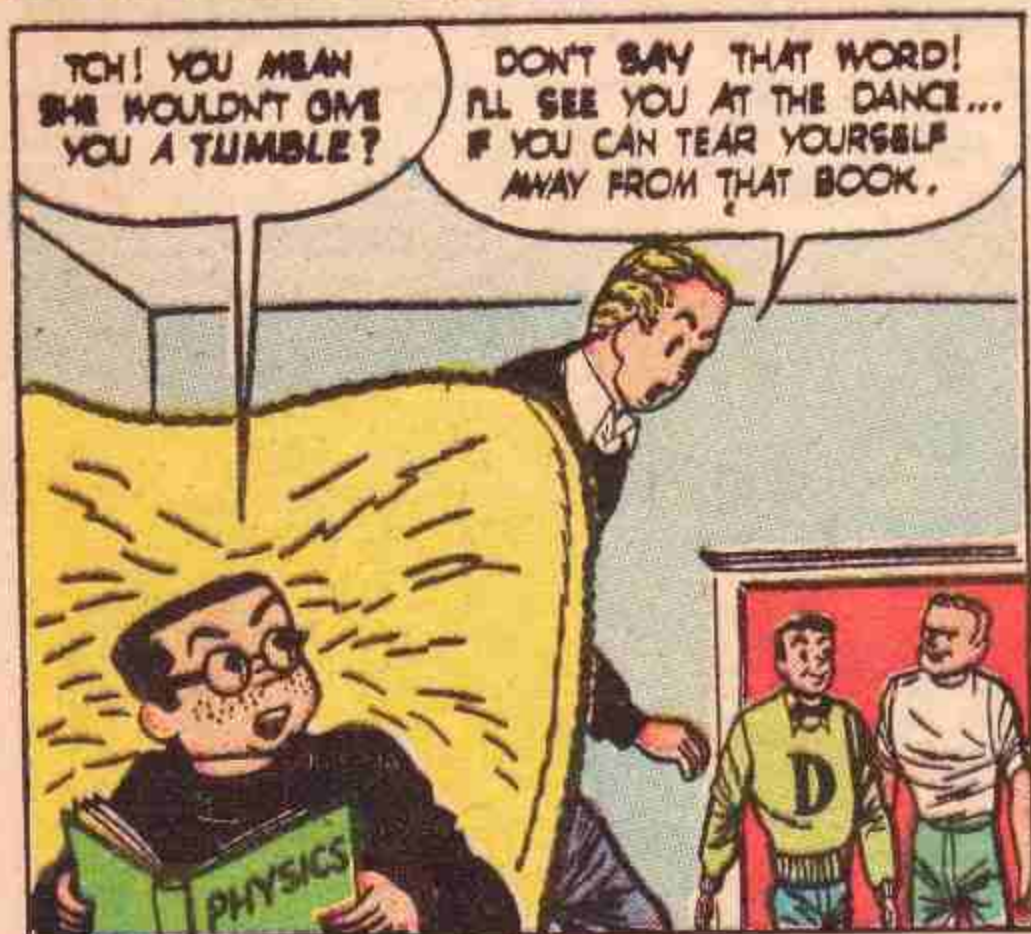


WOW! THE SCENERY UP HERE IS TERRIFIC!

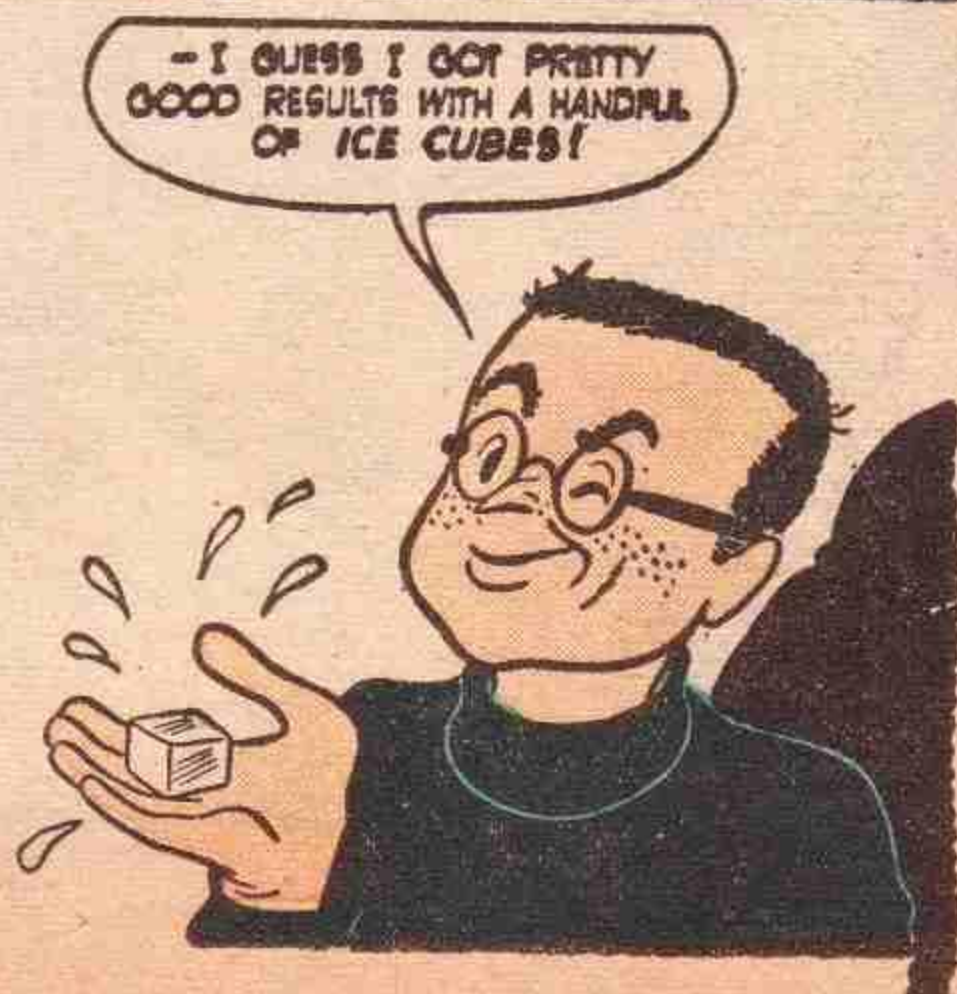
WHEN YOU'VE SEEN ONE LAKE YOU'VE SEEN 'EM ALL, I ALWAYS SAY!













Using his shotgun for a bat, Arnie struck at the
bat. The bullet tore into the wall behind him.

Return of the Outlaw

With an empty shotgun, but a heart loaded with courage, young Arnie Parker faced a desperate man-killing outlaw . . .

ALARM shook the breath out of Arnie Parker when he saw his father, leaning heavily on the pommel, riding toward the U Bar U ranch. Arnie kicked a rowel into his buckskin's flank and sped across the sage at full gallop.

As he drew near, Arnie noticed the pallor beneath his father's wind-and-sun tan. Fear almost choking him, he asked, "Are you shot, dad? You didn't meet Lefty Blackburn?"

Ethan Parker shook his head. "They told me at Tensleep that Lennard's posse trailed the killer as far as Carved Rock canyon. That means Blackburn's headed this way. He knows I won't rest till he's jailed or dead and I figure he's aiming to surprise us. May even pull in here, come dark."

The stocky young rancher turned his buckskin and together father and son rode toward the ranch buildings, already gray in the October shadows. Behind them the Wyoming Big Horns reared high to capture the lingering warmth of the sun. It was a red sun sinking into thunderheads, foretelling a coming storm.

Holding worried hazel eyes on his parent, Arnie said, "Dad, you're sick."

Ethan Parker forced a smile to relieve the pain that creased his tight face. "The way I ache, I should be riding the bed wagon. It's my old liver trouble."

"Why don't you go to town to

see Doc Morral?"

"With your mother away, looking after her ailing sister at Drayton?" He shook his head. "I can't leave you alone."

"I'll take care of the stock."

"And run the BG steers off the range and wire the busted fence and patch the reservoir?" Ethan Parker stiffened as another spasm of pain bolted through his thin body. "You're forgetting Lefty Blackburn, son. He's a tricky coyote and he'd shoot you in the back if he caught you alone. Just like he shot my brother Mel in that Worland bank holdup."

WHEN they reached the log ranch-house, Mr. Parker slid wearily from his mount. "Put up the hosses, Arnie. I'll rest a bit."

Arnie hesitated as he watched his father stagger to the doorway and lean there to unbuckle his holster. Should he gallop the ten miles to Hyattville for Dr. Morral? That was risky; his father might become worse while alone. And what if Killer Blackburn showed up and found him helpless?

First he must care for the horses, he knew, and so he trotted them to the stable. Taking a pitchfork, he climbed a ladder to the hayloft and began tossing alfalfa to the floor.

Just a week had passed, Arnie remembered, since Sheriff Jack Lennard had ridden out to the U Bar U ranch to tell them that

Blackburn had slain Mel Parker. Neglecting his ranch day after day, Ethan Parker had searched the hills and canyons for Lefty's hideout, giving no thought to the thousand-dollar reward on the outlaw's head, intent only on avenging his brother's death.

Just thinking about the gunman sent shivers through Arnie Parker. He wondered what he'd do if he ever met Blackburn. He'd like to trap him and collect that reward. A thousand dollars would buy fencing and other things needed for the ranch.

He worked steadily until he had pitched a mound of hay on the floor beneath him. Pausing for breath, he noticed the day had grown darker; the storm would break soon.

Suddenly he became aware of a horse approaching the rear of the stable. Saddle leather creaked and spurs jingled as a rider dismounted. Then Arnie saw a dusty sombrero inch past the door-post. Wide shoulders appeared, then a man stepped cautiously inside. A .45 Colt revolver flashed on his left thigh.

"It's Lefty Blackburn!" Arnie gasped to himself.

Quickly stabling his spotted gelding, the outlaw hid a bulging canvas bag in the oats bin. Then, his back to Arnie, he moved toward the doorway, drew his gun and appeared ready to sprint to the ranch-house where Ethan Parker lay racked in pain.

Arnie trembled with fear and excitement. He had to save his father. In desperation, he acted with reckless courage.

Gripping his pitchfork as though it were a Winchester, he leaped out of the haymow. Jamming the fork handle into Blackburn's broad back before the outlaw could turn, he shouted, "Drop your gun before I blow a hole—"

Rocked by surprise, the outlaw let his revolver thud to the floor. He started to swivel his head but a hard jab from the pitchfork stopped him.

"Look straight ahead!" Arnie growled to hide the tremor in his voice. "Get your hands up!"

As the outlaw pushed his hands over his head, Arnie longed to pick up the revolver, but he dared not ease the pressure on Blackburn's back an instant. He had to carry through his bluff.

"Walk! Walk to the house! Move!" Denting Blackburn's shoulders with his make-believe gun, Arnie hurried his captive from the stable. The seconds were minutes, every yard seemed a mile before the ranch-house loomed ahead. Then Arnie cried, "Dad . . . Dad! Open the door. And have the shotgun handy."

Shotgun! Arnie's nerve almost left him as he suddenly remembered the .12-gauge was empty. He'd fired the last shells yesterday at some mallards. But Blackburn didn't have to know that, any more than he had to know the "Winchester" was a pitchfork.

Pale with pain, Ethan Parker pulled open the door, shotgun in hand. Arnie saw surprise seize him as he recognized the outlaw. His thin lips tightened as he jerked up the muzzle to cover Lefty Blackburn's stomach.

"Step in, Blackburn. And mind your manners."

Arnie whispered to his father, received a nod and sprinted back to the stable. Retrieving the killer's revolver, he sped to the house, reaching it as his father collapsed across the table.

"Don't you move!" Arnie said, pointing the six-gun at the outlaw seated against the livingroom wall. "Try any funny business and it'll be your last."

Lefty's eyes contracted to steel-gray beads of hate but he said

nothing. Breathing painfully, Ethan Parker sat up.

"Dad, you've got to make Hyattville and tell the sheriff we've got Blackburn here," Arnie urged. "Then go see Doc Morral; he'll fix you up." Anxiously, he added, "Can you make it, Dad?"

His father aroused himself to light a coal oil lamp above the table and its yellow glow melted the room's gray dusk. "It'll be storming soon, Arnie, but I'll make it to town, somehow." He studied his son a moment. "You can handle Lefty?"

"Of course. I've got this six-gun and the .12-gauge."

"Just don't fool with him. The first crooked move he makes, let him have it with both barrels." He shrugged into a slicker and faced the outlaw, buckling on his holster. "Lefty, shooting's too good for you. You'll get worse if you harm the boy."

The outlaw's lips spread. "You don't scare me, Parker."

The rancher paused at the door. "Arnie, the sheriff should be here in two hours. Don't take your gun off that buzzard for a minute while I'm gone."

ARNIE dragged the table in front of Blackburn, placed the unloaded shotgun upon it and sat with finger on the six-gun's trigger. As they eyed each other, silent and wary, Arnie could fairly see Lefty's wily mind mulling over a scheme to outwit him.

Lightning stabbed the darkness and an avalanche of thunder released the storm. Rain and wind

seethed about the house and a cynical smile settled on the outlaw's dark face. "Your father'll never make Hyattville, fella. He's sick and you let him start out in this weather. A fine son, you are! He's probably laying out in the mud somewhere, dying."

Arnie choked down a lump in his throat and said without conviction, "He'll get there. A little rain won't trouble him."

After a furious hour, the storm settled to a steady downpour. Again Blackburn broke the room's silence. "Want to make some money, fella? A nice big chunk?"

Arnie was silent.

"You let me clear out and I'll give you a thousand—no, I'll make it two thousand dollars. I've got it in my saddle bag."

Arnie's lips pushed out in contempt. "That's not your money. You killed my uncle and stole it from him. I wouldn't take a cent."

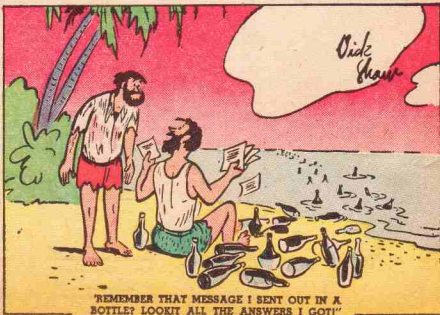
Lefty growled, "Just a dumb punk, like I thought." He closed his eyes and soon began to snore gently. Straining for the sound of approaching horsemen, Arnie Parker sat painfully tense. A dozen times he thought he heard hoofbeats. He jumped when the outlaw said, "I'm hungry, fella. Let's eat."

"I don't want anything."

"Well, I do. Let me fix a little grub for myself."

Arnie considered the request. He was stiff and sleepy and if he moved around he'd overcome his drowsiness. At last he said, "I'll let you fry eggs and make coffee. There's lots of bread. But don't

(Continued on last page)



PSSST, BETTY--
HOW D'YA SPELL
SOUP?

Z-L-O-U-P...

I'D LOOP
THE LOOP
FOR
BETTY CROCKER
SOUP!

THAT'S HOW IT
SOUNDS WHEN
MY BROTHER
EATS IT!

Z-Z-Z-LOUP!

TIME FOR LUNCH!
BRING THE BUNCH--
IT'S
BETTY CROCKER
SOUP!

**BETTY CROCKER SOUP
IS SOUPER!**

Swell for Quickie Lunches!
Betty Crocker Vegetable Noodle Soup—country vegetables, egg noodles, meat-flavored broth. Easy cooking. Also the Betty Crocker Green Split Pea Soup—hearty, nourishing—ready in 5 minutes. Ask for them. Betty Crocker Soup Ingredients.

Mom! Beautiful silverware easily!
Queen Bess pattern—Tudor Plate by Oneida Community—for Betty Crocker Soup Coupons, plus cost of handling and mailing. Build a set!

"Betty Crocker" is a trade name of General Mills

When writing to advertisers, please mention JACK ARMSTRONG.

**A mystery for
YOU to solve!**

Fifteen minutes later I was in the private office of the bank president. The messenger was seated facing me. He looked listless and upset.



WHAT WAS THE CLUE THAT BETRAYED HIM?

The bank messenger continued with his story. "He forced me to turn off into an alley on Fourth Street where there are very few people and there's not much automobile traffic."

Although the back of the messenger's wrist was badly lacerated, the wound through the elbow was not serious. He had happened to "take a wrong turn" on the road and was delayed by breaking the crystal on the line he had determined to follow. He had intended to follow the road which he had followed on his previous trip, but he had been misled by a sign which pointed him in the wrong direction. He had been misled by a sign which pointed him in the wrong direction. He had been misled by a sign which pointed him in the wrong direction.

A NEW BETTY FAIRFIELD ADVENTURE

ALASKAN RESCUE



ALASKA—THE NEW RUGGED FRONTIER OF AMERICA—OFFERS BETTY A RUGGED AMERICAN ADVENTURE WHEN SHE LOOKS IN ON THE "ALASKAN TRAPPERS" CONTEST.

EN ROUTE FROM THE STATES...

THAT MUST BE MOUNT MCKINLEY!

THAT'S RIGHT, BETTY. IT'S THE HIGHEST PEAK IN NORTH AMERICA—20,300 FEET!



AND LOOK AT ALL THE OTHER MOUNTAINS NEARBY. ALASKA SURE LIVES UP TO THE AMERICAN TRADITION OF SIZE.



AT THE FAIRBANKS FIELD...

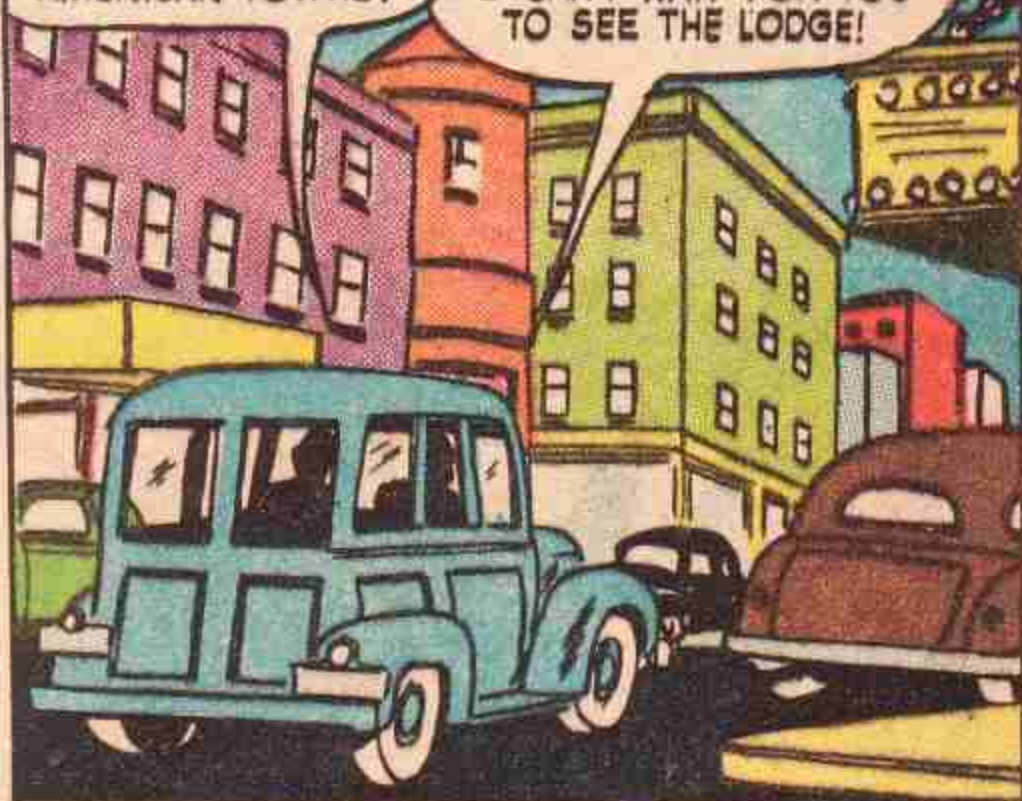
CONNIE! I THOUGHT
I'D HAVE TO TRACK
YOU DOWN IN THE
WILDS!

I'VE GOT A
SPECIAL REASON
FOR COMING IN TO
MEET YOU, BETTY!
WELCOME TO AMERICA!



WHY—FAIRBANKS IS
JUST LIKE MOST BIG
AMERICAN TOWNS!

IT'S NOT QUITE SO
CITIFIED OUT MY WAY!
I CAN'T WAIT FOR YOU
TO SEE THE LODGE!



CONNIE'S NEW HOME—SNUG LODGE NO. 36
IN THE ALASKAN RANGE...

IT'S BEAUTIFUL, CONNIE!
WHAT'RE ALL THE
FLAGS FOR?

THE BIG CONTEST
TODAY—THAT'S MY
SURPRISE FOR YOU!



YOU MEAN I'LL HAVE A
RINGSIDE SEAT ON SOME
REAL ALASKAN TRAPPING?

I DON'T KNOW ABOUT
A SEAT—UNLESS IT'S
A CAKE OF ICE!



MEET RALPH CARTER—
THE MAN I'M BETTING
ON TO WIN THE
CONTEST.

HOWDY, MISS
FAIRFIELD! I'M
PRETTY FRESH FROM
THE STATES TOO—
MONTANA!

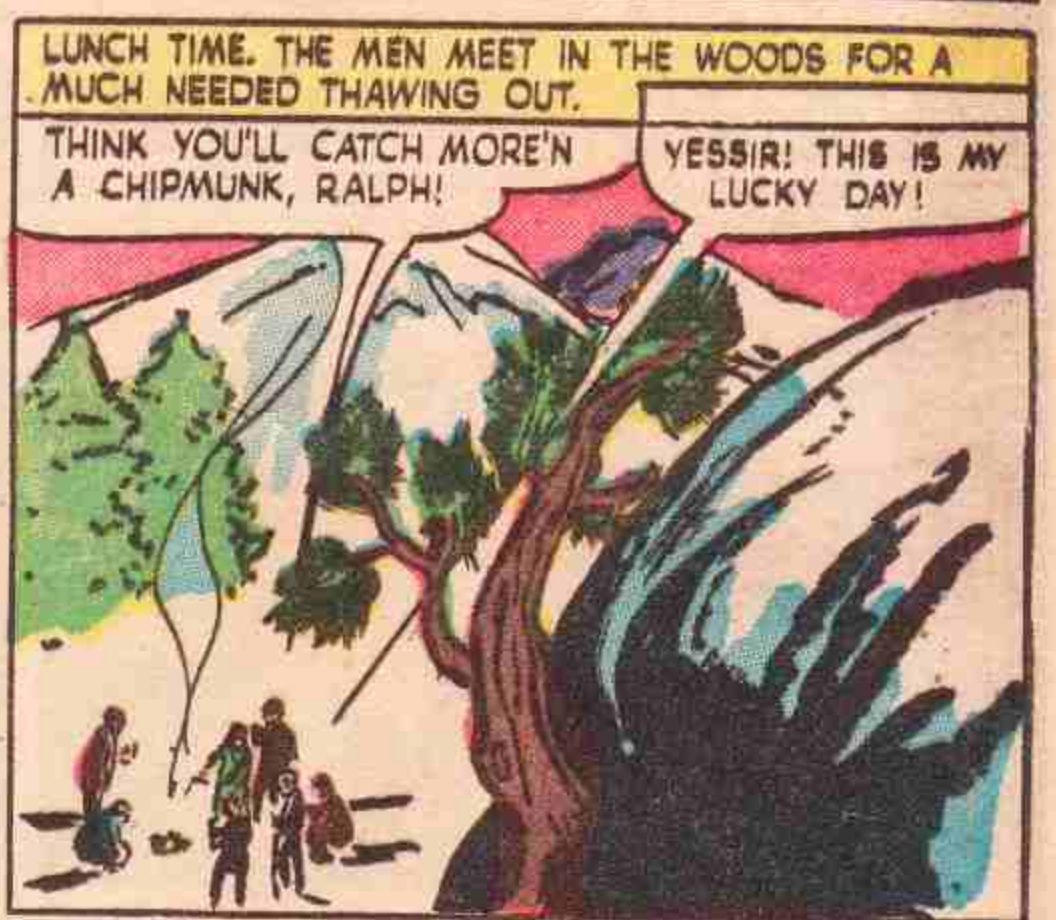


AS THE CONTEST BEGINS...

WHERE'RE YOU
TRAPPING, RALPH?

SOUTH OF LAKE
HECATE! GOT A
LONG WALK AHEAD!





THE MOTHER BEAR SPRINGS FROM SNOW FLURRY AMBUSH.



OOF!
MY ANKLE!



HOURS PASS... AND BACK AT THE LODGE...

RALPH WOULDN'T BE THIS LATE UNLESS SOMETHING HAD HAPPENED TO HIM!

IF YOU'RE OFF ON A RESCUE PARTY, CONNIE, I WANT TO GO TOO!



NEAR LAKE HECATE...

ONE GUESS IS AS GOOD AS ANOTHER, BUT I'VE GOT A HUNCH HE'S THIS WAY!

IF IT WEREN'T FOR THIS SNOW, WE COULD SEE A TRAIL!



THERE'S HIS TRAP AND — A MOTHER BEAR!

BUT WHERE'S RALPH? LISTEN!



AT THE BOTTOM OF THE CREVASSE —

ARE YOU INJURED, RALPH? TIE THE ROPE AROUND YOU!

ANKLE SPRAINED A LITTLE!

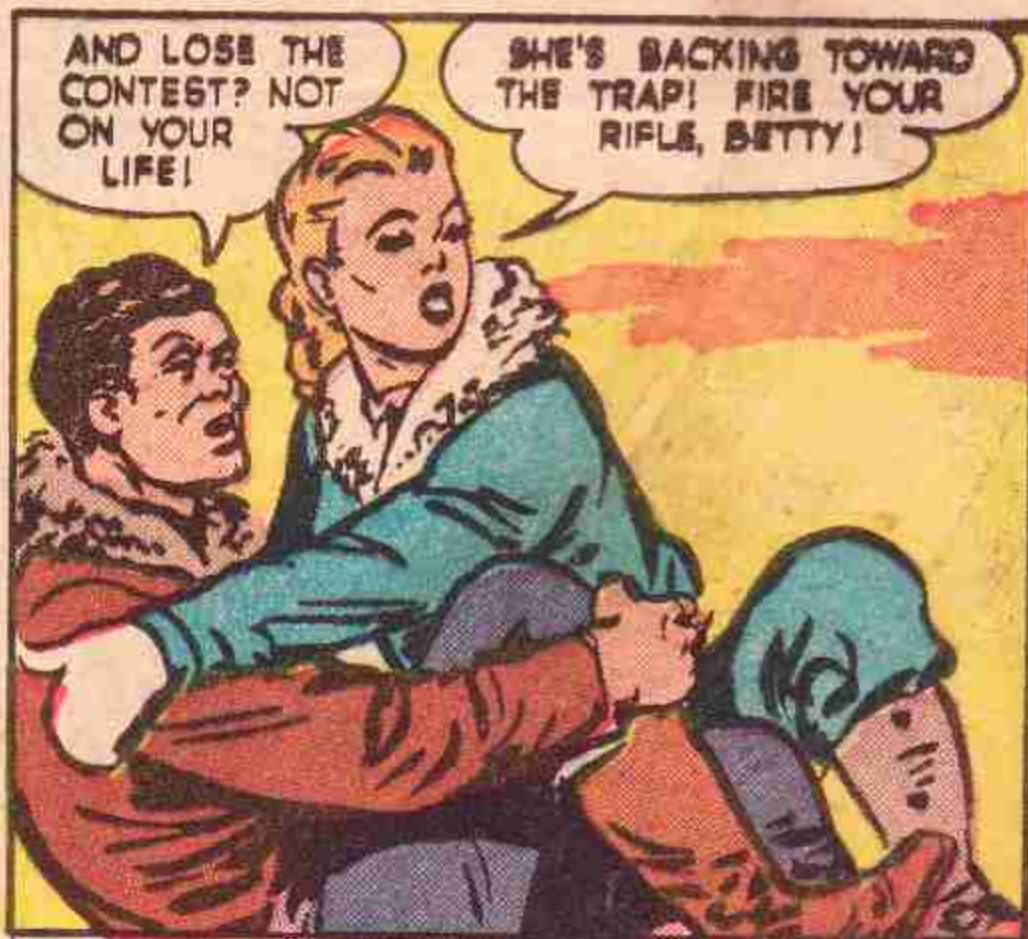


A BATTLE OF NERVES, AS THE MOTHER BEAR EDGES CLOSER!

EASY DOES IT! KEEP AWAY FROM THAT CUB IF YOU CAN — SHE THINKS WE'RE GOING TO HURT IT.

OUR RIFLES ARE LOADED.



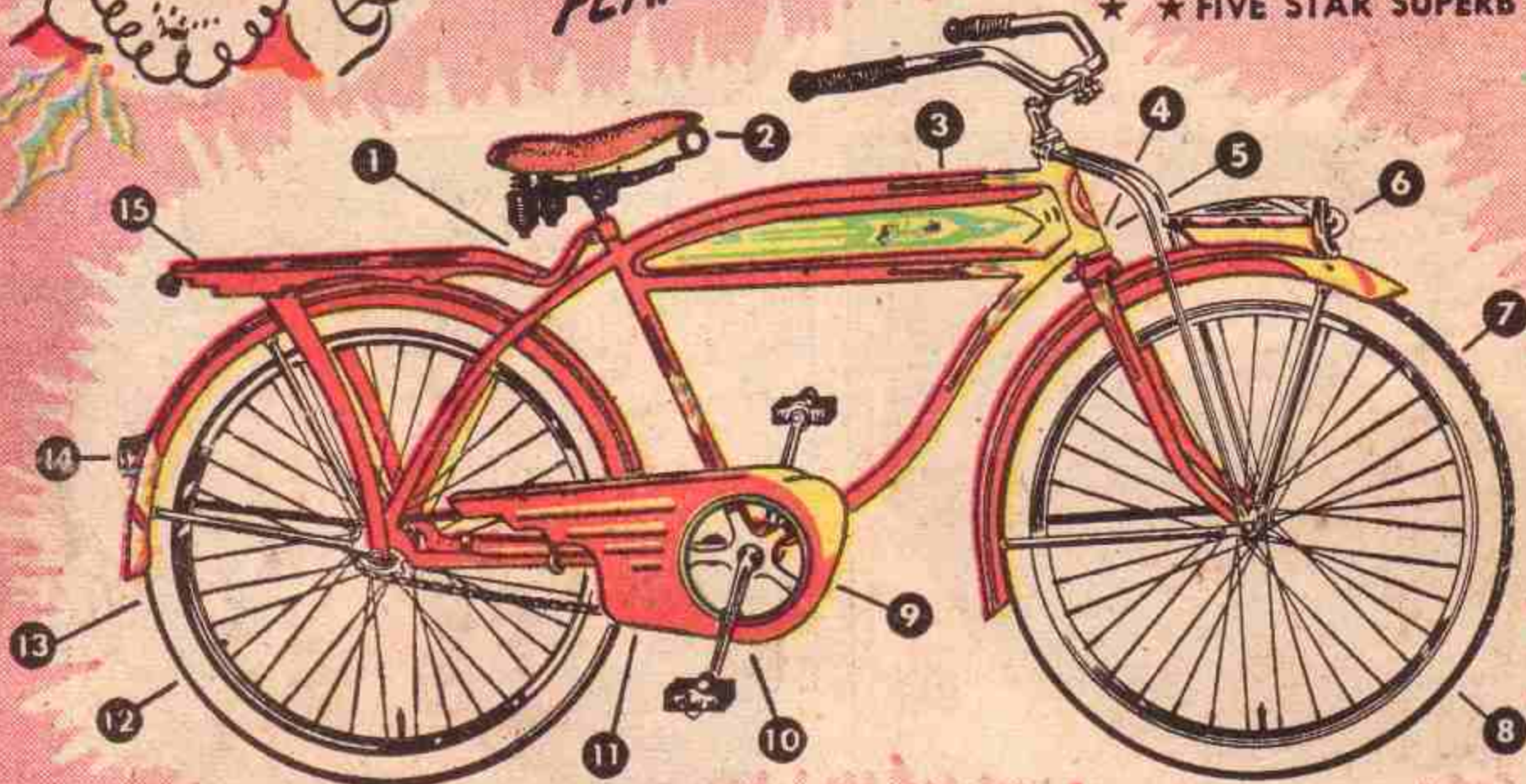


Dear Dad:
The Super-Sweldest
Christmas Present
for me would be this
NEW COLUMBIA BIKE!
(signed).....

**Look!
15 Great
FEATURES!**

- 1 Therm-O-Matic Frame, precision silver alloy brazed, streamlined.
- 2 Deluxe Tan Grain Leather-top Saddle with sponge rubber pad.
- 3 New Speed-line Tank with electric horn and button.
- 5 Drop Forged Stem, one piece, strongest, safest made.
- 7 U. S. Royal or Good-year white wall tires.
- 8 Columbia Front Hub
- 9 Easy-Pedaling Crank Assembly, with dust caps. An exclusive!
- 12 Forward Drop-out Rear End Plates for easy wheel removal.
- 13 Lustrous Dupont Dulux Enamel Finish, enduring, baked-on.
- 14 Deluxe Reflector, bright aluminum housing.
- 15 Westfield Design Carrier. An exclusive.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ **FIVE STAR SUPERB MODEL**



Remember, KIDS,

A BIKE BY COLUMBIA IS NOT ONLY A HANDSOMER BIKE, BUT ALSO A BETTER BUILT BIKE. AND WHEN A BIKE IS BUILT BETTER IT LASTS LONGER... PEDALS EASIER... GOES FASTER... CLIMBS BETTER AND GETS YOU THERE FRESHER THAN "POKEY" HARDER-TO-PUSH BIKES. **MORAL! GET YOUR DAD TO GIVE YOU A COLUMBIA FOR CHRISTMAS AND BE A LEADER!**

TAKE A CLOSER LOOK AT THESE DANDY FEATURES

10 BUILT-IN KICK STAND



The slickest stand a bike ever had. Snug and streamlined, it is built right into the frame tubing. Patented.

4 PROTECTO-LOCK



Just as Dad locks his car, you can lock your new Columbia with a real, burglar-proof lock. So safe you can get theft coverage for \$1 a year.

6 STREAMLINER HEADLIGHT



Here's an exclusive "Air-Flow" headlight that adds wings to the speedy looks of your new Columbia bike.

11 FULL PROTECTION CHAIN GUARD



An air-wing design that adds even more streamline. Covers top and bottom of chain. Extra safe.

Only Columbia has it!

Send for NEW FOLDER NOW!

The Westfield Manufacturing Company
72 Cycle Street, Westfield, Massachusetts

Please send me Free Folder describing the new Columbia Bikes.

Name _____

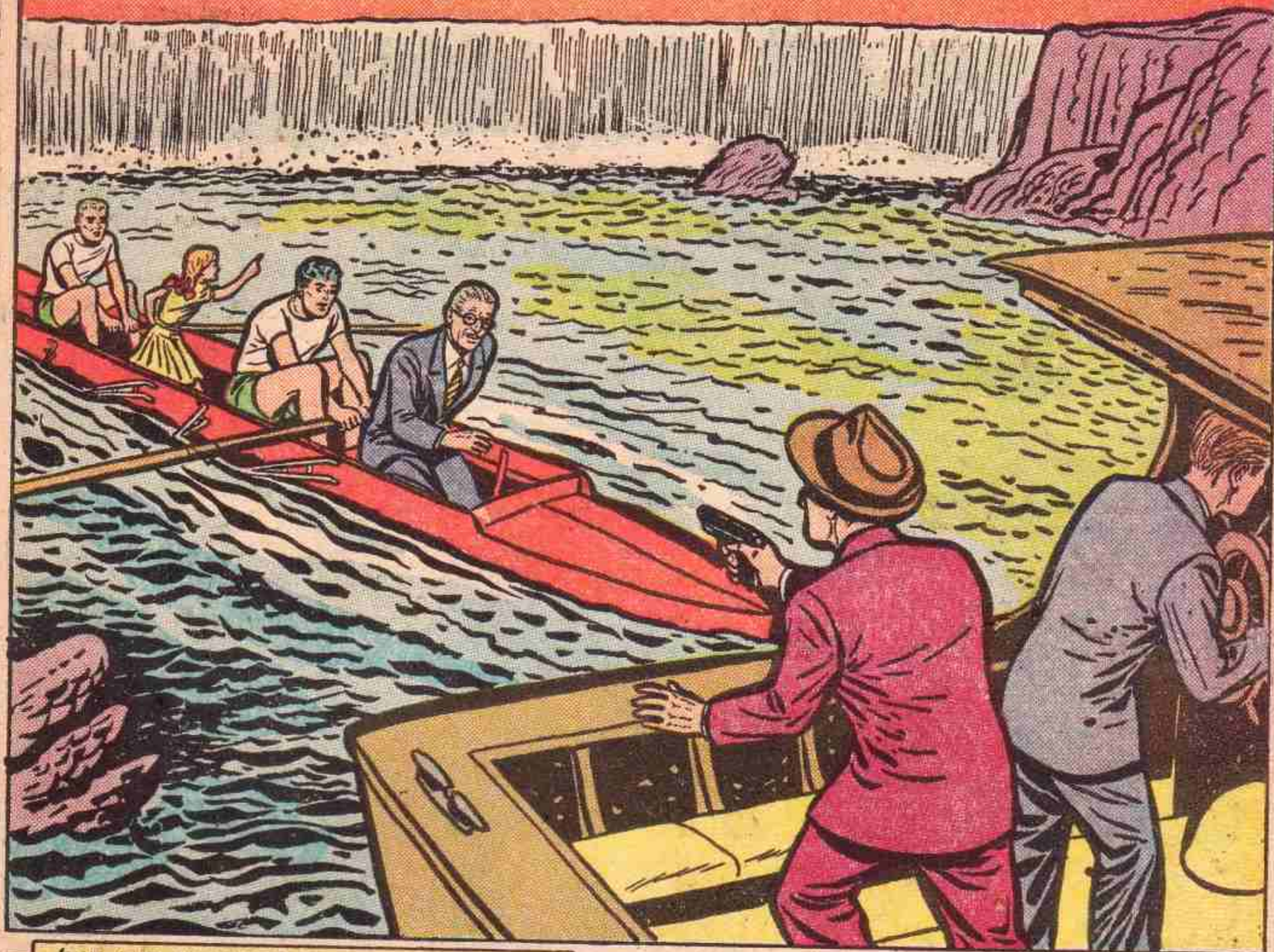
Address _____

Columbia
SINCE 1877
AMERICA'S FIRST BICYCLE



A NEW JACK ARMSTRONG ADVENTURE

RACE AGAINST DOOM



JACK AND BILLY ARE TAKING THEIR FINAL WORKOUT WITH THE CREW BEFORE THE BIG RACE WITH BRAYTON....

GOOD WORK, BOYS! THAT WAS THE BEST TIME YET!

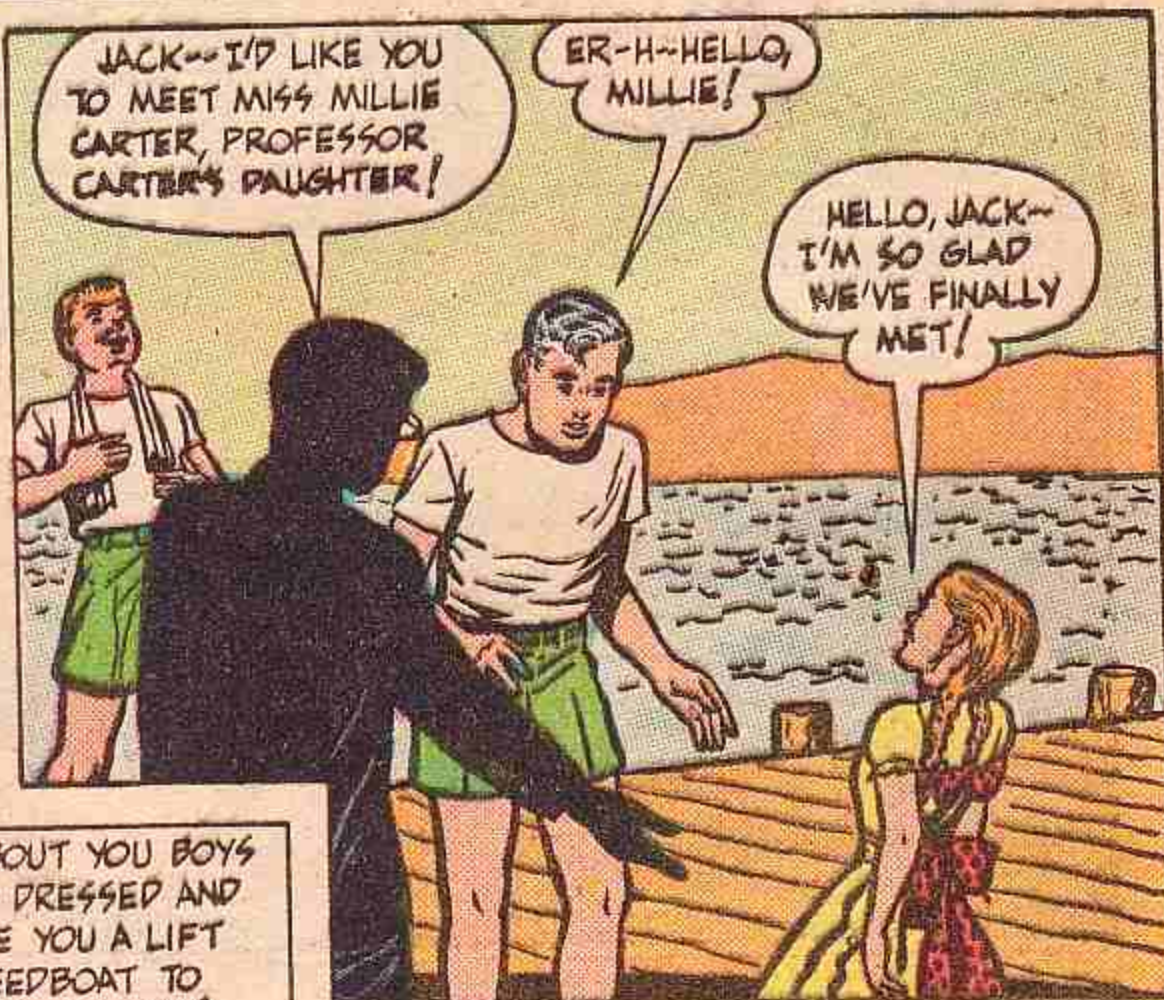
OARS UP!

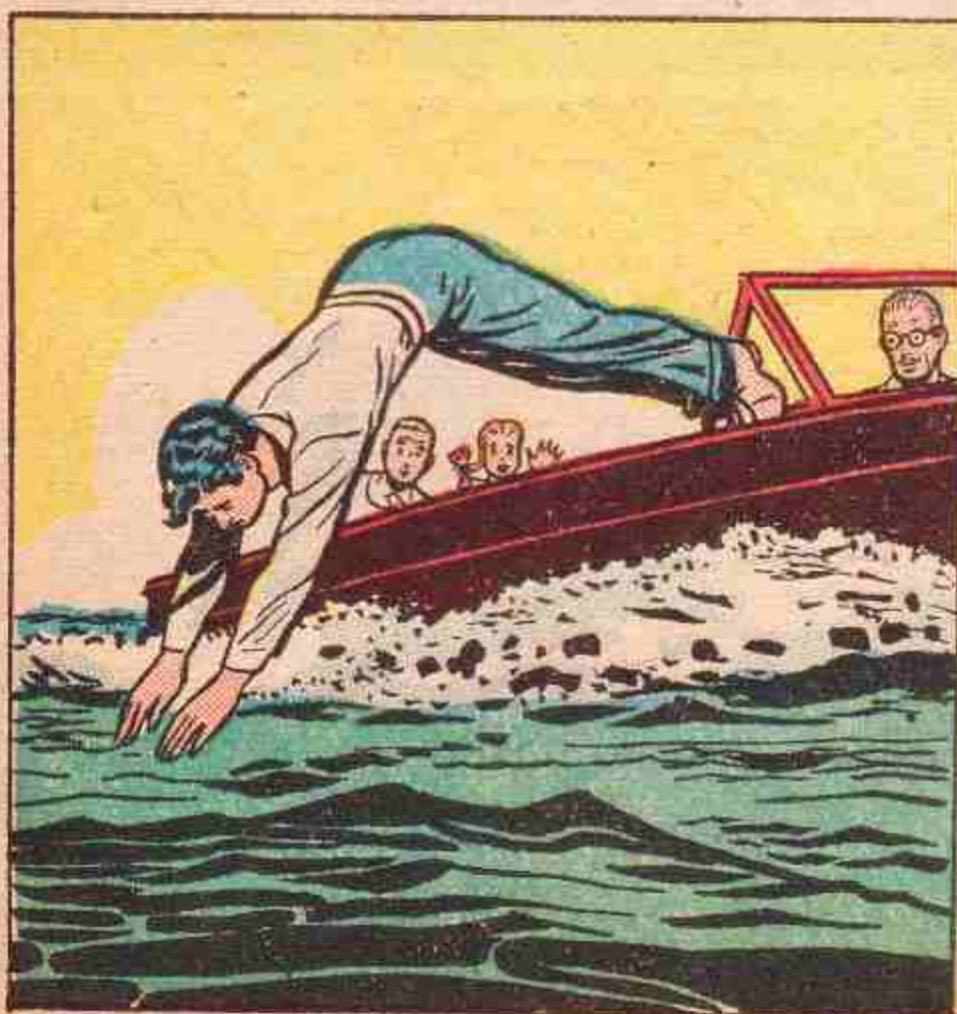


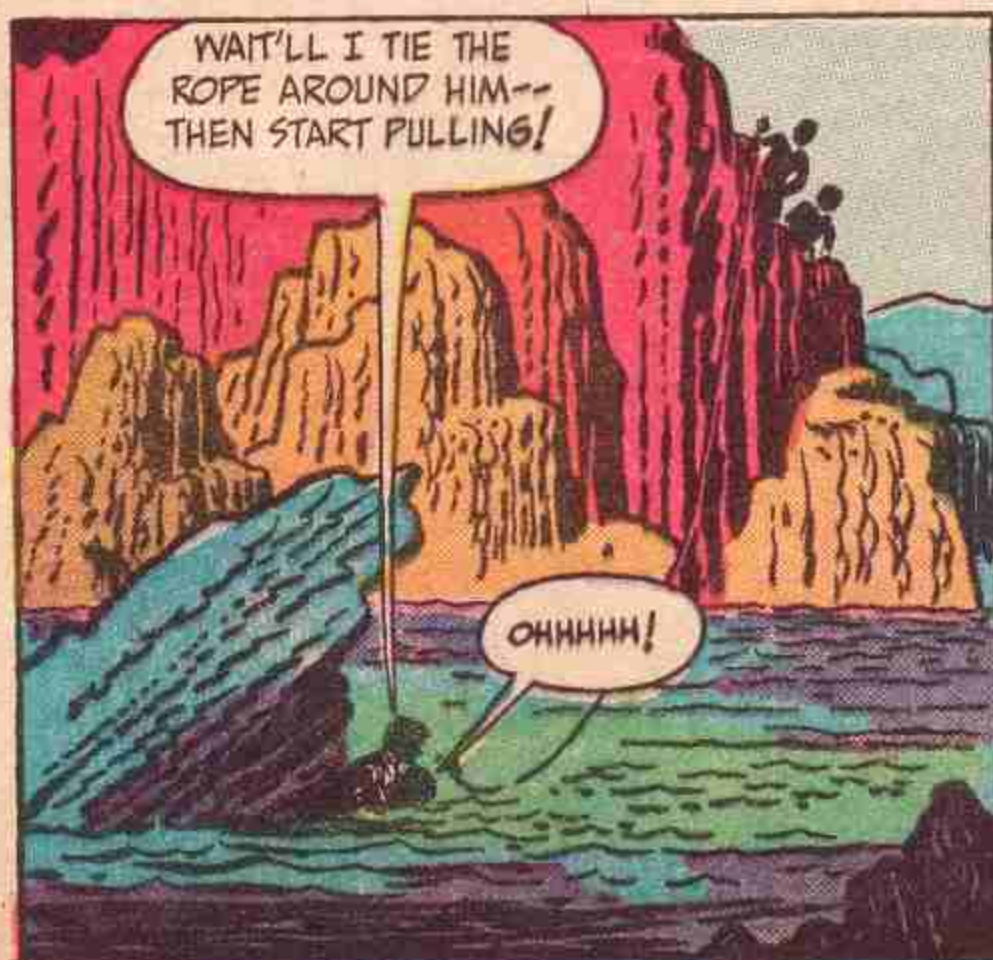
YOU BOYS ARE FIT AND READY! THERE'S NOTHING MORE I CAN DO NOW! THE RACE TOMORROW IS IN YOUR HANDS AND I THINK ARMSTRONG WILL STROKE US TO VICTORY! TRY TO TAKE IT EASY UNTIL THE RACE! THAT'S ALL!

BILLY-- LOOK! IT'S UNCLE JIM!









HOURS LATER AT THE HOSPITAL... THE PROFESSOR ALONE REMAINS CONSCIOUSNESS...

I HEARD A NOISE IN THE LAB, JIM! I--I THOUGHT IT WAS YOU! BUT THERE WERE SOME THUGS THERE-- THEY HAD THE PAPERS ABOUT THE EXPLOSIVE! ONE SLUGGED ME--- AND THAT'S ALL I REMEMBER!

THEN SOMEBODY GOT WIND OF THE SECRET EXPLOSIVE! I GUESS THEY THOUGHT YOU WERE DEAD AND TOSSED YOUR BODY INTO THE WATER!



WE MUST GET THOSE FORMULA PAPERS BACK! SOME UNSCRUPULOUS MEN COULD DO A LOT OF DAMAGE WITH THOSE PAPERS! THAT EXPLOSIVE WAS ALMOST AS DEADLY AS THE ATOM BOMB!

UNCLE JIM! I'VE GOT AN IDEA!... IF WE CAN GET THE NEWSPAPERS TO COOPERATE!



goldenagecomics.co.uk /rez



WELL-- THE NEWSPAPERS DID THEIR SHARE-- NOW I HOPE THOSE RATS RISE TO THE BAIT! AND I'M GOING TO BE THE BAIT!



THOSE MEN WENT TO DESPERATE LENGTHS TO GET THAT FORMULA AND I HAVE AN IDEA THEY WON'T STOP UNTIL THEY GET THE CODE!

WELL, YOUNG MAN-- THAT'S THE IDENTICAL BANDAGE WORN BY THE PROFESSOR! ONCE IN BED NOBODY WILL BE ABLE TO TELL YOU APART!

THE NEWSPAPERS LISTED THE HOSPITAL ROOM, JACK-- SO WE'VE MADE IT EASY FOR THEM TO FIND YOU! BUT THERE'S NO TELLING WHEN THEY'LL SHOW UP! THAT IS--- ASSUMING THEY DO!

BUT, JACK-- THE RACE! IT'S THIS AFTER-NOON!

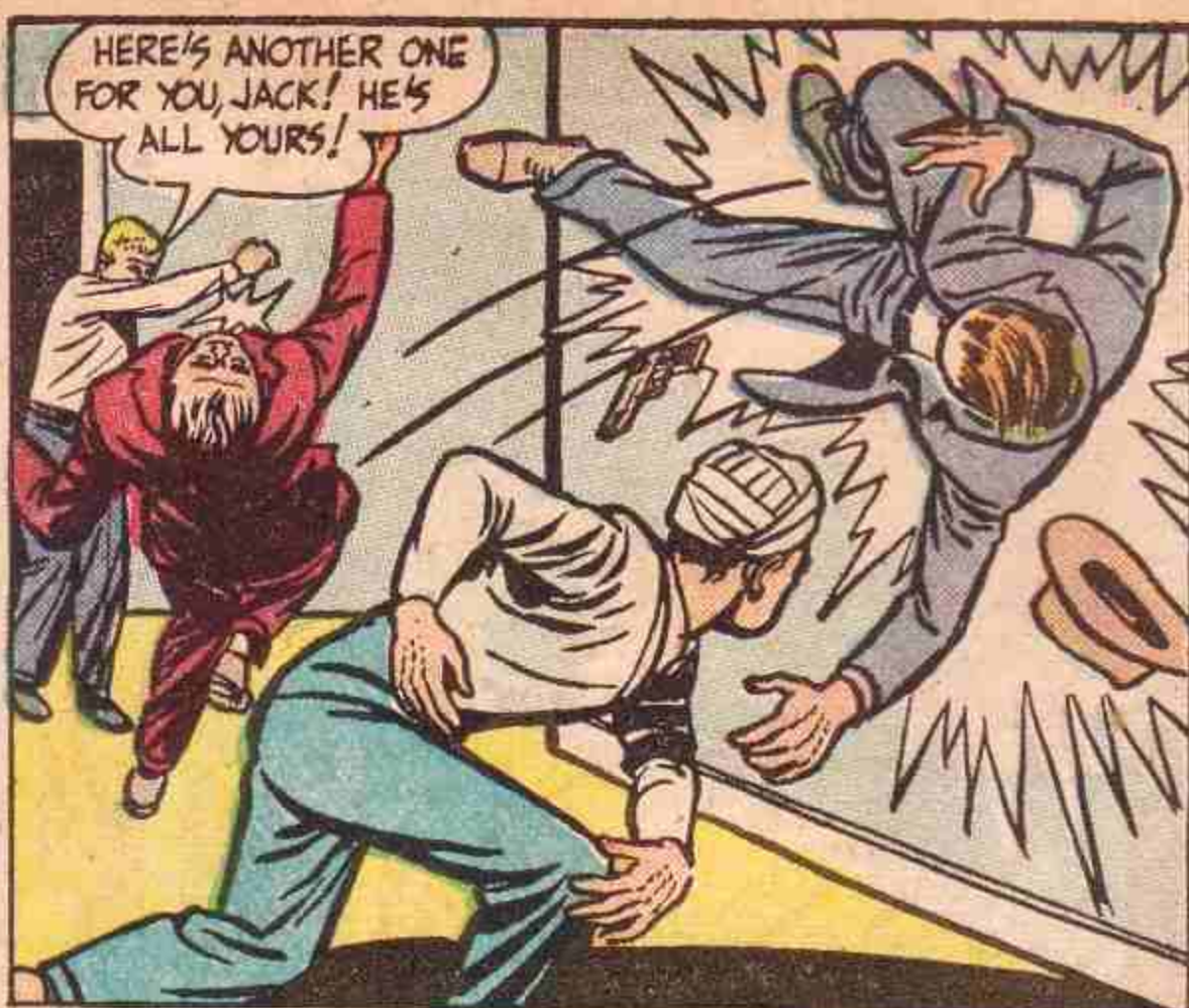
I KNOW, BILLY! BUT THIS IS A LOT MORE IMPORTANT! NOW GET OUT OF HERE! I'M EXPECTING COMPANY!



goldenagecomics.co.uk /rez

HOUR AFTER HOUR PASSES... AND JACK LIES TENSELY IN BED-- EVERY NERVE STRAINING TO HEAR THE SLIGHTEST NOISE. THEN....





THE STARTING LINE OF THE CREW RACE AND THE GUN IS ABOUT TO GO OFF WHEN...



JACK ARMSTRONG MAGAZINE ALL-AMERICAN AWARD

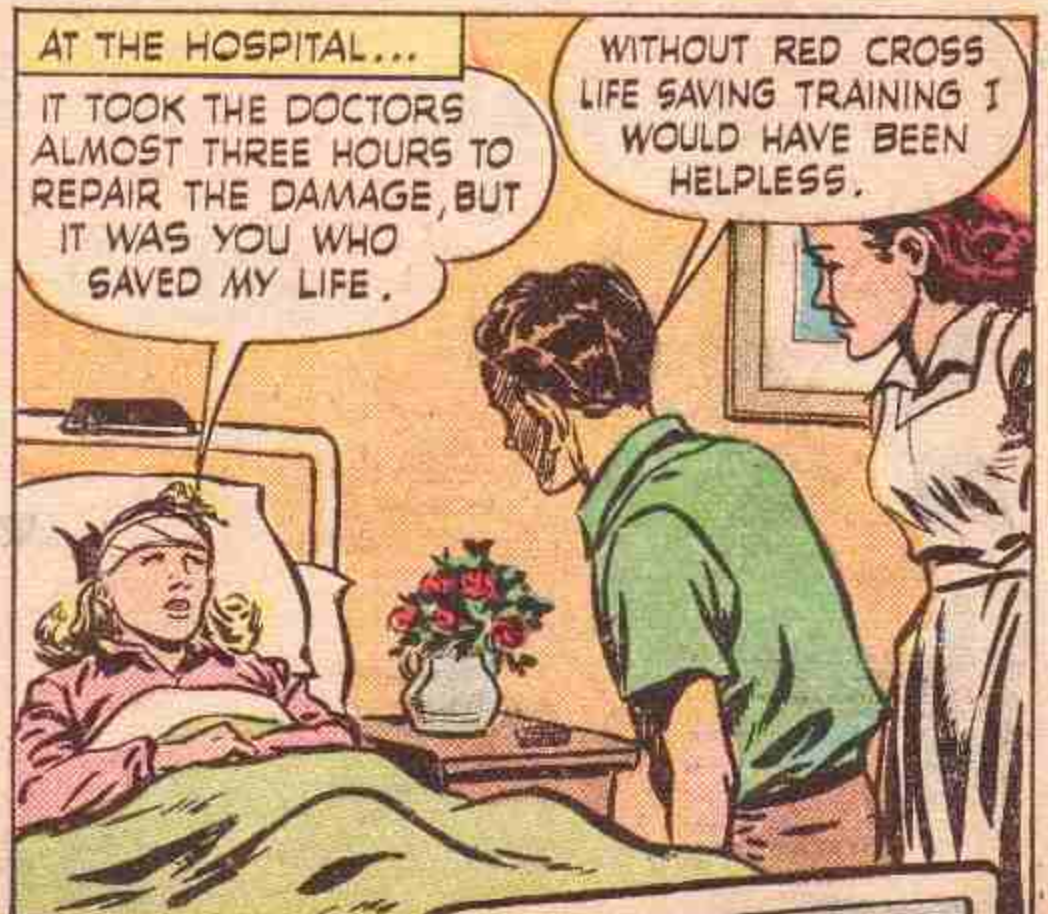
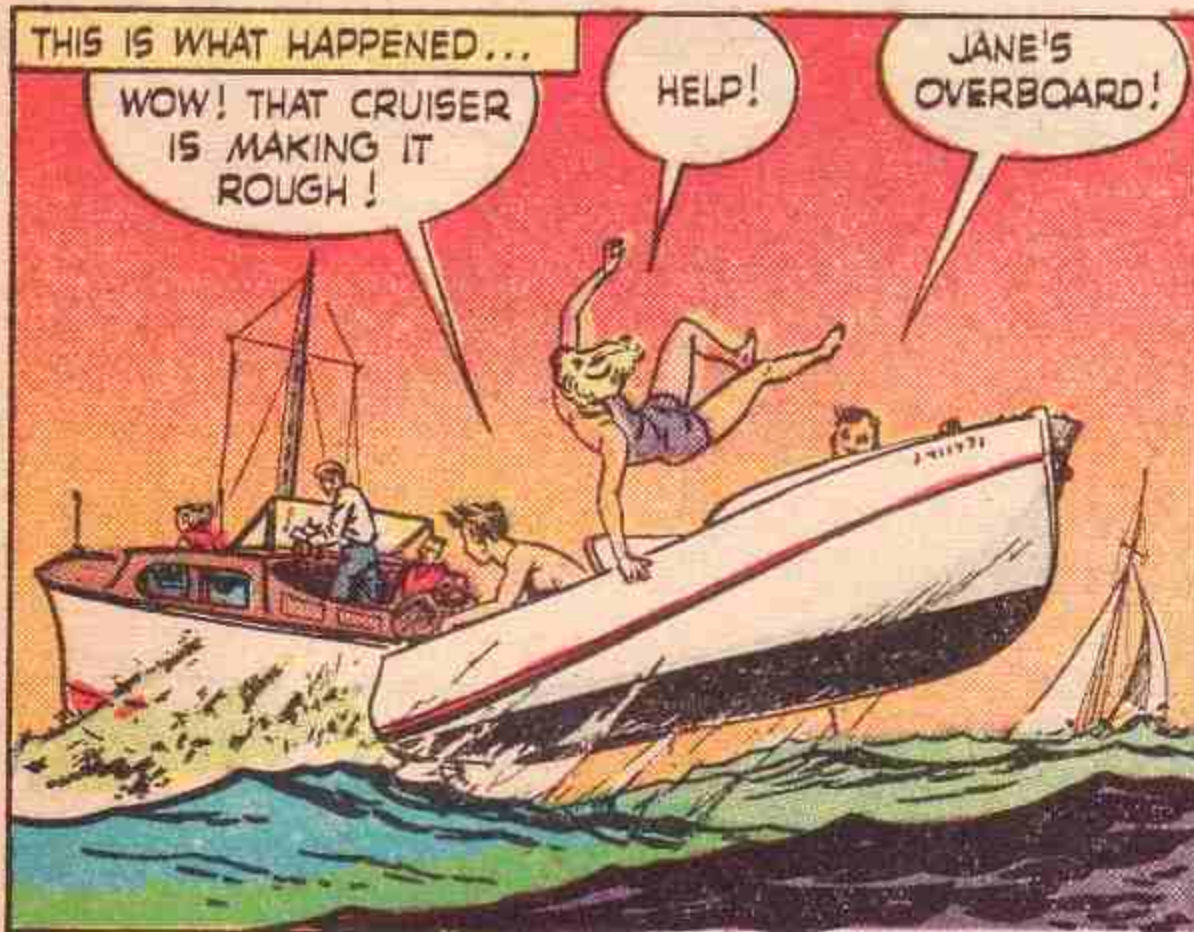
Based on information from the American Red Cross



CITED by the American Red Cross for his quick action and ability in life saving, 17-year-old Stuart Schulthess wins additional recognition—the Jack Armstrong Magazine All-American Award—for his rescue of Jane Levin at Upper Greenwood Lake, New Jersey.

Stuart will be presented with the beautiful medal illustrated at left, engraved with his name. A shut-in youngster to be chosen by Stuart will receive a free one-year subscription to the Jack Armstrong Adventure Magazine.

A course in Red Cross water safety and life saving taken last winter by Stuart, a senior at Belleville High School, paid dividends when he saved the life of the 19-year-old girl.



MARVELOUS READING THRILLS FOR EVERY BOY AND GIRL!

WONDERFUL MAGAZINES for EVERY AGE!

TRUE COMICS. Every boy and girl will love these all-color, all-TRUE comics about REAL people in science, sports, history, and exploration. Thrilling stories just bursting with wondrous and amazing adventures.

BI-MONTHLY—12 issues \$1.00

POLLY PIGTAILS. For little girls from 7-12, here's a magazine specially written for them. Sparkling stories and comics, exciting mystery serials, hints on hobbies, "making-things" magic, lively cooking and sewing ideas and all the latest teener fashion news.

MONTHLY—1 year \$1.00 2 years \$2.00

CALLING ALL KIDS. For boys and girls in the 4-9 crowd — wonderful animal stories, charming full-color comics, puzzles, games, verses, and glorious pictures to color. Lots of happy hours of reading in store for boys and girls in this FUNful magazine.

BI-MONTHLY—12 issues \$1.00

TEX GRANGER. Here's real he-man adventure for boys (8-15) who go for plenty of action in their reading. All the rootin' tootin' thrills and heroism of the old west come alive again in these exciting pages.

BI-MONTHLY—12 issues \$1.00

FOR TEEN-AGE Boys and Girls

CALLING ALL GIRLS. Tops with Teens! A popular favorite with all teen-age girls. Romantic novelettes, sparkling short stories, good looks, personality problems, etiquette, decorating, fashions, movies, pin-ups and wonderful ideas for things to do. MONTHLY

7 months \$1.00 1 year \$1.75

Varsity. The Young Man's Magazine! Here's a top-notch combination of thrilling sports round-ups, short stories, and spine-tingling mysteries, plus down-to-earth advice on personality, dating, grooming, money problems, careers and colleges, everything young men want in their own magazine. BI-MONTHLY

6 issues \$1.00 12 issues \$2.40



It takes *real* hocus-pocus know-how to come up with lots of exciting reading thrills that boys and girls like YOU go for!

But we've done it! There's a magic trunkful of wonderful reading in every one of these delightful magazines. And there's one written just for you—whatever your age.

And—believe it or not—\$1.00 is *all* it costs for this *reading magic*. But *seeing* is believing! Send TODAY for these wonderful magazines. On the coupon below just check the ones you want—attach check or money order—and presto—get set for the happiest reading ever!

SIGN HERE FOR HAPPY READING!

| No. of Mag. Subs. Term | PARENTS' MAGAZINE PRESS, INC. JA-11 260 Fourth Avenue, New York 10, N. Y. | |
|--------------------------------|--|--|
| PP — 1 year — 2 years | Enclosed is \$_____ for subscription(s) to magazine(s) checked. | |
| CAK — 12 issues — 24 issues | NAME _____ | |
| TC — 12 issues — 24 issues | ADDRESS _____ | |
| TG — 12 issues — 24 issues | CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____ | |
| CAG — 7 months — 1 year | Send gift card "From" _____ Donor's name _____ | |
| VAR — 6 issues — 12 issues | Address _____ City _____ Zone _____ State _____ | |

(Use sheet of paper for additional subs.)



~WE'RE SHORT THREE CENTS - WHO'S HOLDING OUT?

Advertisement

PLAY BASEBALL NOW! IN YOUR HOME

SKILL—STRATEGY—EXCITING—FUN



CASEY ON THE MOUND

Greatest Sports Game Sensation Approved and Played by SPEC SHEA, JOHNNY PESKY, BOBBY DOERR, ROGERS HORNSBY, HANK EDWARDS, others.

NO DICE OR SPINNERS

Hit a grounder, Pop Fly, or a Home Run Over the Fence. Pitch Curves, Strikes or Balls. Be the Batter or Pitcher.

FOR YOUNG & OLD ALIKE

Game includes large 26" square done in 4 color Litho with 9 Players, Base Runners, Ball, Bat, Rule Book, Score Card, Two Umpires, etc.

NOW \$2.98 POSTPAID

Rush Check, Cash or M. O. to

RUDOLPH FIELD

Dept. JA, 5 Columbus Cir., N. Y. 19, N. Y.

GIANT 3 FOOT TELESCOPES

Have Fun

Plane Spotting
... Studying Stars, at the Game or Beach... Take it on that Hike or Sail
THIS SUPER SCOPE ONLY
Send Check or Money Order

\$250
Complete

CRITERION CO.

Dept. JA
438 Asylum St., Hartford, Conn.

This High-Power long-range telescope will magnify objects miles away 10 to 15 times. Precision ground and polished lenses for clear vision. COMPLETELY ASSEMBLED! Satisfaction Guaranteed or money refunded.



SEND A Major League BASEBALL BAT PEN & PENCIL SET



ONLY
50¢

ORDER FROM

MAJOR LEAGUERS

P.O. BOX 2500 • PATERSON, N. J.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

ZONE _____

STATE _____

U.S.A. ONLY

SORRY NO C.O.D.'S

OR POSTAGE STAMPS

NATIONAL LEAGUE

- ☐ BRAVES
- ☐ CARDINALS
- ☐ CUBS
- ☐ DODGERS
- ☐ GIANTS
- ☐ PHILLIES
- ☐ PIRATES
- ☐ REDS

AMERICAN LEAGUE

- ☐ ATHLETICS
- ☐ BROWNS
- ☐ INDIANS
- ☐ RED SOX
- ☐ SENATORS
- ☐ TIGERS
- ☐ WHITE SOX
- ☐ YANKEES

Advertisement



BOYS! Make Your OWN RADIO

Interesting hobby. Pays big returns in fun and interest. Even helps to prepare you for a career in radio. Learn to make your own simple, tubeless, batteryless crystal radio. Not a toy, but a real honest-to-goodness radio. Just send 25c. We will send you postpaid a genuine Melomite crystal with complete illustrated instructions for making your very own set. Enjoy competing with others for long distance reception. With Crystal and instructions, we send the Magic Crystal, our own publication check-full of news, diagrams, questions and answers of interest to you. Don't delay! Send 25c today!

ALLEN RADIO, Dept. 113, Clinton, Mo.

A Genuine Rayon Satin HOLLYWOOD CHAMPION JACKET in your own school colors!

Here's a buy, fellows! Just check these features:
1. Your own school, team, or club colors. 2. Vandyed, water repellent satin. 3. Fully lined. 4. Free action raglan sleeves. 5. Sizes 8-16, only \$9.95. Sizes 34-44, \$10.95.

YOUR NAME FREE

9⁹⁵
\$ 10.95

SEND NO MONEY!

When jacket arrives, pay postman \$9.95 or \$10.95, plus few cents postage. Or send cash with coupon, and we pay postage.

JACKETS FOR YOUR WHOLE TEAM AT SPECIAL RATES!

Write for information

Now!



HOLLYWOOD CHAMPIONS

Hollywood Champions, Dept. J A 1
P.O. Box 1333, Hollywood 28, Calif.

Please send me _____ jackets, size _____ in color combination of _____ and _____

Put the name _____ on jacket. (Sizes 8-16, \$9.95. Sizes 34-44, \$10.95.) Add 3% sales tax in California.

Name _____

Address _____

City & State _____

RUSH COUPON FOR PROMPT DELIVERY!

Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money Refunded

When writing to advertisers, please mention JACK ARMSTRONG.

JUST LIKE TEXAS RANGERS WEAR



GENUINE STEERHIDE

Designed and made by skilled Texas craftsmen in the heart of the western livestock country! Waist sizes 18 to 30. (Adult sizes and prices quoted on request.)

only
\$1.00
per yard

BUCKAROO BOOTS

Sturdy oak sole, rubber-tipped cowboy heel, full-grain leather vamp, kid top and inlay. 2-tone brown with yellow inlay and stitching. Sizes 8 1/2 to 12. State correct shoe size when ordering. (Adult sizes, prices on request.)

\$9.45
PR.

POSTPAID

Copyright 1948

WESTERN LEATHER GOODS
San Antonio, Texas

| ITEM | PRICE | QTY |
|----------------|-------|-----|
| COWBOY BELT | | |
| BUCKAROO BOOTS | | |

NAME _____ Check or Cash
ADDRESS _____ Money Order
CITY _____ STATE _____ C. O. D.
When Ordering C. O. D. Customer Agrees to Pay Cash Plus Charges

SEKRET COMBINATION SAFE

Nifty Thrifty Way to Save!



\$1.49

Postpaid

Sensational Combination Safe made of durable plastic in attractive Red, White, and Blue color scheme. Any number of combinations possible—can be changed as often as you desire. Exact duplicate of a real office safe. No keys needed. Slots in rear to deposit coins and bills. Order Now—Immediate Shipment—We Pay Postage—Money Back Guarantee.

ARNOX SALES CO., Dept. JA
1947 Broadway, New York 23, N. Y.

MAGIC TRICKS!

to Mystify Your Friends

Be the life of the party wherever you go. Amaze and amuse your pals with mystifying tricks and illusions. Easy to do. Send just 15c in coin or stamps for our new catalog of magic tricks and get one startling surprise trick FREE. Write today for

NATIONAL MAGIC COMPANY (Dept. 119 S. State St. C-3) Chicago 3, Ill.

RETURN OF THE OUTLAW

forget, I'll be watching you."

"Sure. I know when I'm covered proper." Lefty yawned, then walked to the kitchen stove and prepared his meal. With Arnie trailing him, he carried the food and coffee pot to the table. Arnie pulled the shotgun out of Lefty's reach and sat opposite him.

"That sure was good," the outlaw said when he finished. Leaning an elbow on the table and holding a half-filled cup loosely, he added, "You're a better sort than I figured. For a while—"

So quickly that Arnie barely saw the hand move, Blackburn whipped the cup toward him. The hot, blinding beverage splashed into his face. Jerking backward, he fired and heard the bullet rip the ceiling.

Before his eyes cleared, he felt Lefty up-end the table and crash it upon him. Dishes, coffee pot and shotgun bowled against his chest and lap, knocking him to the floor.

Striking hard, he lost his grip on the revolver and it whirled away. Through smarting eyes, he caught a glimpse of the outlaw springing at him.

Raising a leg, he jammed his boot heel into Blackburn's chest to break his lunge. The man hit the floor with a jarring crash, his left hand resting two feet from the six-shooter.

Arnie saw it the instant Blackburn realized his luck.

Grasping the only object within reach, Arnie gripped a round thing slanting across his chest—the muzzle of his shotgun. At that moment Lefty's hand snaked out for the revolver. Cat-like, Arnie spun over on his stomach. Using the barrel for a bat, he struck at the hand pointing the six-gun at his head. An eye-flash before the weapon spat fire, the .12-gauge cracked into Blackburn's fist, knocking the revolver across the room. The bullet tore into the wall behind Arnie.

Blackburn yelped with pain and, raising himself on one knee, lunged at his young foe. Arnie swung again, this time breaking the walnut stock into three pieces

against the outlaw's head.

Lefty Blackburn crumpled to the floor, unconscious.

Climbing to his feet unsteadily, Arnie stood gripping the gun barrel. He was aware then of his burning face and smarting eyes. Finally his glance fell upon his weapon and he thought regretfully, "My new shotgun . . . it's busted!" Then another worry prodded him. "I hit him awfully hard. I hope he isn't—dead."

RED dawn fingered the ranch-house windows and crept across the floor seeking out the bulky figure of Lefty Blackburn. He lay wrapped like a cocoon in Arnie's fling line.

Watching from the doorway, Arnie saw three horsemen gallop down the muddy trail toward him. A smile crossed his blistered face as he recognized Sheriff Lennard in the lead.

They were still yards away when he called, "Dad got to Hyattville, didn't he? Is he O.K.?"

Reining in, the sheriff said, "Sure! Doc put him to bed."

"Why didn't you come sooner?" Arnie asked.

"The storm held us in Paintrock canyon and we didn't hear about Lefty being here until an hour ago." The sheriff glanced toward the Big Horns. "Did he head for the hills?"

"He didn't head anywhere. He's inside, tied up tight."

Incredulously, the peace officers dismounted and stalked into the ranch-house. They pulled up sharply when the outlaw groaned and squirmed to face them.

"Well, I'll be hog-tied!" Sheriff Lennard said. "Arnie, you did a right smart job of hobbling this critter. Yes, sir!"

"Wait a minute." Arnie bolted from the house, ran to the stable and returned with the outlaw's saddle bag full of bank loot.

Speechless, the sheriff scratched his head. Arnie went on, "I can't ride in with you because I've got a powerful heap of things to do. But you tell Dad not to worry. I'll be along to look after him just as soon as I finish the chores."

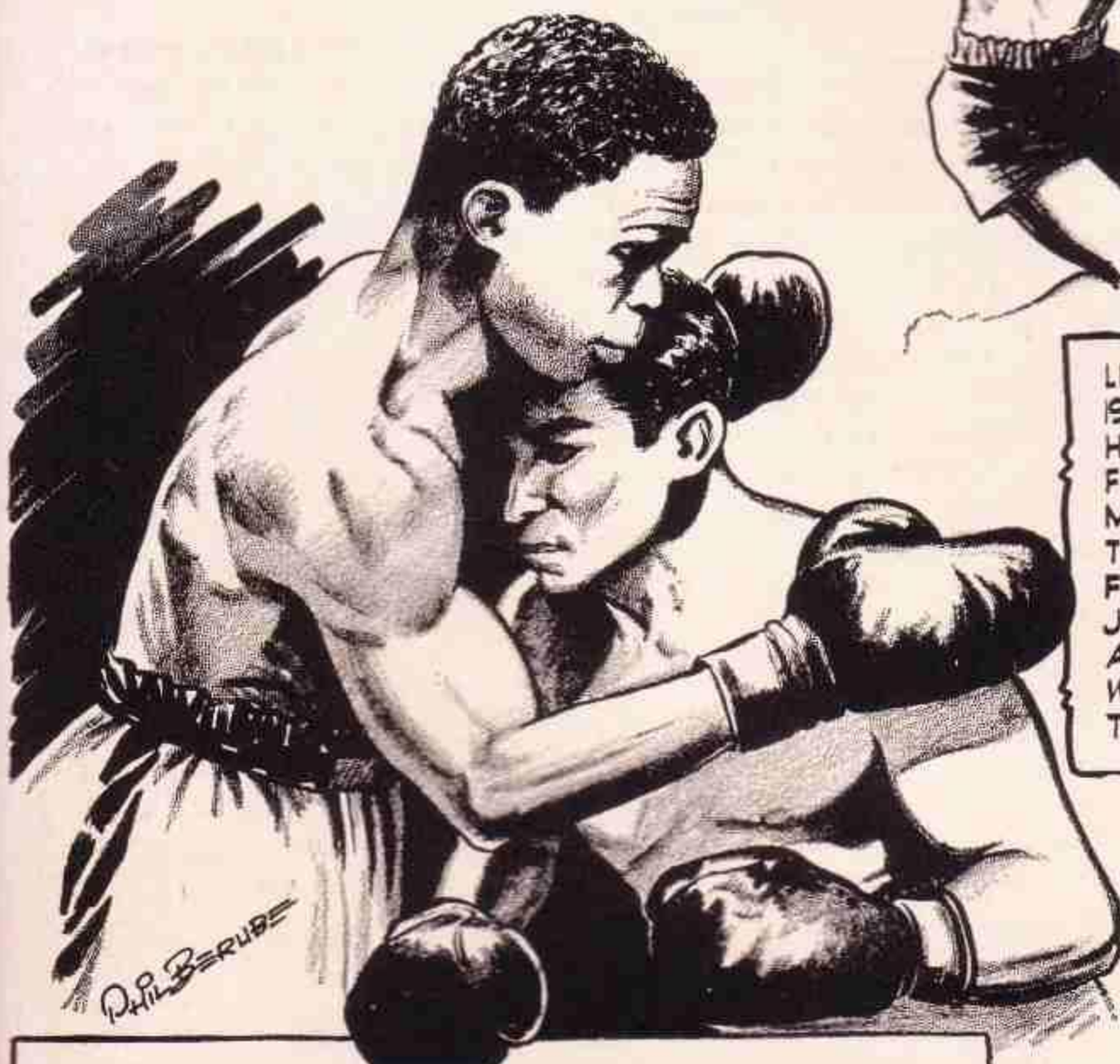
When writing to advertisers, please mention JACK ARMSTRONG.

CHAMPIONS of the BOXING WORLD!

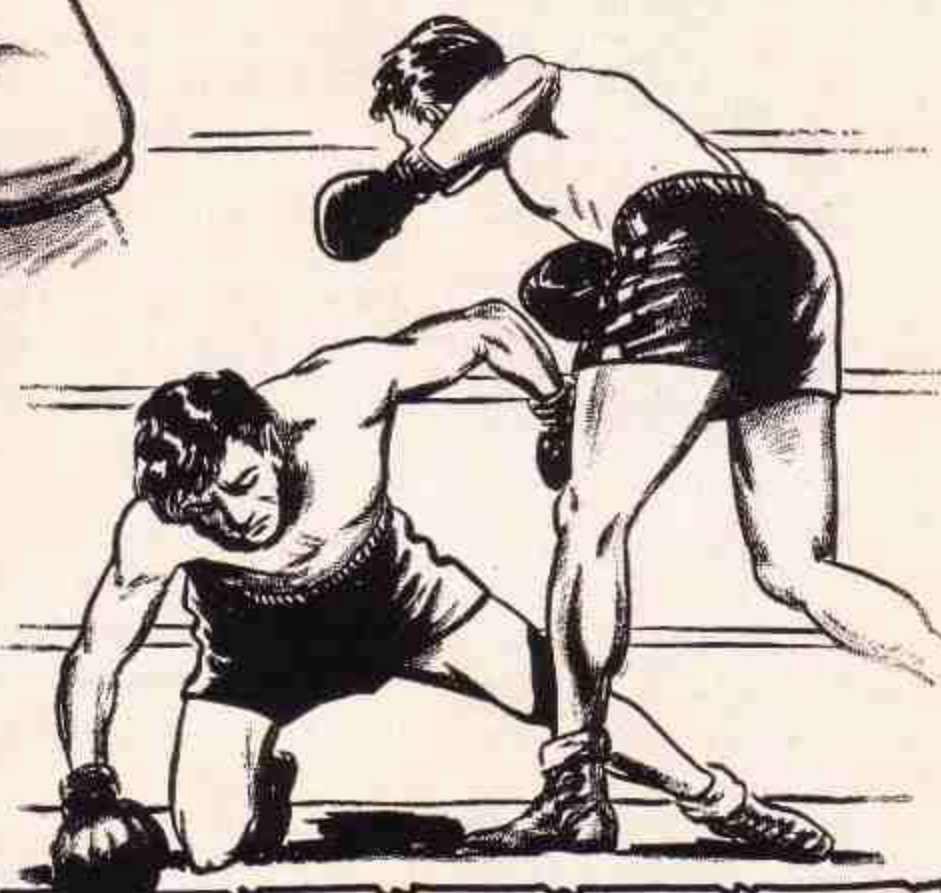
FLYWEIGHT... **RINTY MONAGHAN!** WHEN JOHN JOSEPH "RINTY" MONAGHAN, THE "IRISH CROONER," KNOCKED OUT JACKIE PATERSON OF SCOTLAND IN THE 7TH ROUND OF THEIR TITLE BOUT AT BELFAST, IRELAND, TO BECOME WORLD FLYWEIGHT CHAMPION, HE SHOWED HE STILL RETAINED HIS VOCAL TALENTS BY LEADING THE CROWD AT RINGSIDE IN SINGING "WHEN IRISH EYES ARE SMILING!"



LIGHTWEIGHT... **IKE WILLIAMS!** WILLIAMS IS THE BUSIEST CHAMP IN THE RING TODAY! HE SET SOME SORT OF RECORD BY DEFENDING HIS TITLE THREE TIMES IN FIVE MONTHS IN 1948, WINNING HANDILY EACH TIME! AS A PUNCHER, HE RANKS, POUND FOR POUND, WITH RAY ROBINSON AND JOE LOUIS! FOR SPORTSMANSHIP, ABILITY AND PERSONAL CONDUCT, IKE WILLIAMS WAS NAMED "FIGHTER OF THE YEAR" IN 1948!



FEATHERWEIGHT... **SANDY SADDLER!** FEW FANS EXPECTED SANDY TO WIN THE NIGHT HE ENTERED THE RING AT MADISON SQUARE GARDEN, N.Y., LAST OCTOBER AGAINST FLASHY WILLIE PEP, LONG TIME KING OF THE FEATHERWEIGHTS AND HEAVILY FAVORED DEFENDER OF HIS CROWN! THE FIGHT WAS SHORT AND SWEET... SADDLER ALL THE WAY! SADDLER BY A KAYO IN ROUND 4... AND A NEW FEATHERWEIGHT KING WAS CROWNED!



BANTAMWEIGHT... **MANUEL ORTIZ!** ORTIZ FIRST GAINED RECOGNITION AS BANTAMWEIGHT CHAMP IN AUGUST, 1942, OUTPOINTING LOU SALICA IN 12 ROUNDS. FIVE YEARS LATER, IN HIS 16TH DEFENSE OF THE TITLE, HE LOST IT... TO SPIDER DADE! BUT, NOT LONG AFTER, ORTIZ REGAINED THE TITLE IN A FAST, EXCITING BOUT... AND HE STILL HAS IT UNDER CONTROL





WHAT SINISTER SECRETS LURKED in the SHADOWS of THUNDERBOLT HOUSE?

What grim fate awaited its new occupants? What was behind the bloodstain on the ballroom floor? Were the "lucky" Allens really lucky, or were they all destined to inherit doom as well as fortune?

Every Book a Winner

THUNDERBOLT HOUSE

by Howard Pease

A huge, bleak mansion with a past as ominous as the eerie cry of a banshee is the setting for a gripping tale packed with suspense.

It thrillingly describes the actions of brave 16 year old who defied the odds to solve a bewildering mystery.

L-DOWN FOR ACTION

by Armstrong Sperry

In the dense, dark jungles of the unexplored valleys of Guadalcanal are to stop most white men—but not Sperry and his three companions.

In this fast-moving adventure tale, Sperry, sudden mutiny, a savage attack and the grueling tropical battle to fashion one of the most gripping stories ever told.

WINGED AIRWAYS

by Gordon Burtis

Speed and intrigue in the fabulous thousand passenger airplanes, ships hurtling through space faster than sound, great airdromes high over New York, are the highlights of blazing adventure.

Read how Jeff Donaldson, youthful star of the round-the-world speed record solves the mysterious puzzle of missing landings and crack-ups over the wastes of the Mojave Desert in the world of 1985.

THE BRASS KEYS OF KENWICK

by Augusta Huiell Seaman

The huge brass keys conspicuously carried by the eccentric old lady opened more than doors—they held the secret of the strange, weird past and solved the mystery of the puzzling present.

Audrey, a young art student braves unseen perils to unravel the mystery of a ghostly old house filled with valuable antiques.

THE FRONT PAGE MYSTERY

by Graham M. Dean

Only a newspaperman could have written this thriller which has the city room of a great newspaper on the scene of tense excitement—and Graham Dean is a reporter of wide experience. He has woven a yarn of mystery and suspense which sets young Bob Merritt in the center of a series of weird events.

While taking his uncle's place as managing editor, he becomes the victim of strange happenings. Arson, mysterious disappearances and other crimes pile up in quick succession.

THE GRAND COULEE MYSTERY

by Reed Fulton

A young man's ambition to study civil engineering is thwarted by the cruel murder of his grandfather and the theft of a fortune paid by the government for land on which to build the great Columbia River Dam. Determined to find the culprits, he becomes a laborer on the dam project and is involved in an even greater mystery.

Plots, counter-plots, clues and fierce hand-to-hand struggles follow in quick order to shape a sensational story.

You'll find out when you read THUNDERBOLT HOUSE by Howard Pease in this new —

6 VOLUME LIBRARY OF BOLD, BREATH-TAKING MYSTERIES FOR TEEN-AGERS TEEN-AGE MYSTERY CLASSICS



BEAUTIFULLY MATCHED SET
Each book measures approximately 5 1/8 by 8 1/8 inches and is bound in fine blue Novelex cloth attractively designed and stamped.

Here's your dish if you go for exciting, thrill-packed reading! Six full-sized books, each containing a hair-raising, fast-moving mystery yarn written in the exciting, sparkling style that every boy and girl likes so well!

You'll thrill a thousand times over as each daring plot unfolds, laying bare a series of shadowy intrigues shrouded by deep, baffling mystery — unraveling ingenious, bewildering clues — building up to a spine-tingling, exciting climax.

No matter which one you pick up first, once you've started reading it, you can bet you won't want to put it down until you've finished. And you'll read them over and over again — each time discovering new, breathless thrills, reliving moments

that are packed with drama and brimming with adventure. They're the mystery books you have been waiting for!

SPECIALLY SELECTED FOR TEEN-AGERS

These novels were chosen by a jury of book experts from hundreds of titles. They know your reading tastes. What they looked for first, were stories which were outstanding in the mystery field — written in such a way that the suspense and action is maintained from beginning to end. Then, they made sure that they would be welcomed in every home as valuable additions to the family library. The result is 6 intriguing volumes which every teen-ager will be eager to read — proud to own.

MAKES A SUPER GIFT

Your friends would be tickled pink to get all or one of these swell books as a gift. Since they are not numbered, one set can make six gifts or be given as a unit. Make some boy or girl you know merry by mailing the coupon today. And while you're at it, drop a gentle hint that this is a gift you'd like to get too!

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

TEEN-AGE MYSTERY CLASSICS

260 Fourth Ave., New York 10, N. Y.

JA-11

Send your 6 volume edition of TEEN-AGE MYSTERY CLASSICS to me. I agree to examine them for one week. Then I will remit when billed, just \$1 a month for 9 months.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

PARENT'S SIGNATURE _____
(necessary if under 21)

If you prefer one cash payment send \$8

FREE APPROVAL OFFER

Show this ad to your mother or dad. Be sure one of them signs the coupon before you mail it. It will bring these selected mystery novels to your home. You can examine them without obligation of any kind for one full week. If you decide to keep them, you only have to send us the small monthly sum called for in the coupon.

May, 1949, Issue No. Eleven. Published Bimonthly by Parents' Institute, Inc., publishers of Parents' Magazine. Publication office, 4600 Diversey Avenue, Chicago 39, Illinois. Editorial and Executive offices, 52 Vanderbilt Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

GEORGE J. HECHT, President
ELLIOTT A. CAPLIN, Publisher

Associate Art Directors
RALPH O. ELLSWORTH
DOROTHEA T. FILOSA